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IRELAND.

NO charge can be more unfounded than the complaint that Mr. PARNELL's demands are too vague to be readily accepted or rejected. The affectation of treating revolution as a variety of reform is a result of mere timidity. In his speech at Waterford Mr. PARNELL advanced beyond the position which he had previously occupied. The claim of occupying tenants to retain the land in perpetuity, on payment or promise of a rent to be fixed by themselves, was sufficiently bold. The rule according to which the rent is to be assessed has been frequently announced by Mr. PARNELL or his associates. GRIFFITH's valuation has only been proposed as a standard because it is in most cases far below the stipulated rent and the market price of the land. Wherever it happens that the valuation is equal to the agreed rent, the tenants have refused to pay it. The demagogues tell the people that out of the produce of the land they must in the first instance maintain themselves and their families in comfort. The second charge is to be the payment of debts to the shopkeepers, who might perhaps otherwise withhold credit. Finally, if any margin is left, the occupier may allow to the landlord any part of the surplus which he may think just or convenient. While such doctrines are preached, English partisans still prattle about the rejection of the Disturbance Bill which purported to provide for temporary distress; although Mr. A. W. PEEL candidly acknowledges, with a frankness that may be inconvenient to some of his colleagues, that, "even if the House of Lords had not rejected it, the outrages that have since happened would still have occurred." There is now no distress in Ireland; and the Bill in which the Disturbance measure was originally included as a clause would not have been introduced if the present condition of the country had been foreseen. It is probable that the Government will propose to give fixity of tenure to the actual occupiers of land; but Mr. PARNELL has already proposed a much more ambitious scheme. For his own purposes he now admits that population is too dense in Connaught to be effectually secured against distress even by ownership of land. He accordingly agrees with the advocates of emigration; but not to the colonies—of which, indeed, he declines to recognize the existence—nor even to the United States. Professing to know America well, Mr. PARNELL boldly asserts that there are no parts of the New World so well adapted to settlement as the pasture lands of Ireland. He therefore announces that the owners or lessees of grazing lands must make room for small cultivators, who will grow potatoes instead of rearing or feeding cattle. Fixity of tenure is in this case to include a transfer of property to absolute strangers. The machinery of the Land League, which is sometimes hypocritically described as constitutional agitation, will be equally applicable to a new project of robbery. Mr. PARNELL announces that during the ensuing year neither owners nor tenants will be allowed to graze cattle on their pastures, in the expectation that the proprietors will be compelled to let or sell their lands to cottage occupiers.

In another part of his speech Mr. PARNELL quoted Mr. GIBSON's statement that there are now few outrages in Mayo and in Galway. Here, said Mr. PARNELL, was an admission that the organization of the Land League supercedes the practice of assault, of mutilation of cattle, and

of murder. Mr. GIBSON had explained that the establishment of an anarchic despotism was now complete. If the landlords of Mayo are deprived of their property, if farmers and labourers are compelled to obey the dictates of the League, it is not to be supposed that threats or violence will be ordinarily used to compel a submission which has already been fully enforced. If all the houses in Belgravia and South Kensington were in the possession of burglars, and if the police were not allowed to interfere, there would in those districts be no need for the use of jemmies or revolvers. Triumphant crime can afford to disregard the use of the instruments by which success was achieved. Elsewhere there is no abatement of cruelty and oppression. At Waterford itself the opponents of the grant of the freedom of the city to Mr. PARNELL were coerced by threats, and the windows of those who declined to illuminate their houses in his honour were broken. Agrarian outrages in other counties, if not in Mayo and Galway, have never been more rife. One ordinary occurrence, described by a correspondent of the *Daily News* who had personally investigated the circumstances, produces perhaps a stronger impression than a general enumeration of many similar crimes. A poor man whose ears had been mutilated minutely described the proceeding to the English stranger, though he kept up the fiction of pretending not to have recognized the perpetrators of the outrage. In Dublin, and even in London, Irishmen who have committed no offence except in owning land are now living under the protection of the police. The agents or accomplices of the Land League audaciously extend their machinations to the country which also submits the choice of several representatives to its professed enemies. In this state of affairs Irish agitators, some of them members of Parliament, have the impudence to assert that the reports of outrages have been invented by English newspaper correspondents. The apologists of crime scarcely condescend to explain away the reign of terror which, according to their statements, has neither motive nor foundation.

The Radical party still contends that remedial measures alone are calculated to suppress disorder by abolishing its causes; yet it might be supposed that the establishment of security for life and property would be prior in time, as in logical sequence, to any tentative project of law. There is no reason to fear that any English Government will by Act of Parliament transfer the ownership of land to the occupier, except on the condition of paying either purchase-money or rent. It is also for economical reasons impossible to buy up the fee-simple of the land, even if the owners were willing to sell. A fair rent, however it may be ascertained, must after all be a rent; but, if the principles and practice of the Land League are allowed to prevail, there can be no security for the payment of even the smallest rent. Mr. PARNELL, as long as there is neither law nor government in Ireland, will proceed without impediment to the attainment of his avowed objects. There are, as he calculates, 500,000 persons in Ireland anxious to maintain the English connexion because they are directly or indirectly interested in the ownership of land. All the respectable classes, including a large part of the population of Ulster, might be added to the list; but the statistics are for the present purpose comparatively unimportant. If the proceedings of the Land League are not checked, the friends of England will be beggared; and if the conspiracy will be susceptible of

suppression when a Land Bill is introduced, it might much more easily have been crushed before it attained its present dimensions. The enemies of order have been deliberately, and for reasons of party convenience, allowed to organize, to arm, and to reduce large districts of the country to panic-stricken obedience. Any measure which may tend to repair the mischief which has been done might much more effectually have prevented it. The tardy and futile Circular which Mr. FORSTER has just issued to the Irish magistracy, enumerating the legal powers which they have no longer the means of seriously exercising, comes too late to serve any useful purpose.

There is some force in the representation of Liberal apologists that it is not for the interest of the country that the dissensions which exist in the party and in the Cabinet should issue in open rupture. The result would be the accession to office of a purely Radical Government, which might probably afterwards provoke its own defeat by the extravagance of its projects. A coalition in office of Conservatives and moderate Liberals would then be encountered by an unscrupulous Opposition, acting probably in close alliance with the Irish demagogues. The continuance of the present Ministry in office is preferable to the probable consequences of a change. It seems indeed incredible that there should not be some explanation of conduct which, in default of fuller knowledge, seems to all reasonable politicians equally criminal and insane. COLERIDGE propounded a rule of criticism to the effect that till a man understands an author's ignorance, he should presume himself ignorant of his understanding. No outside observer can understand why even Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should have laid down as the condition of their retaining office the toleration for several months of barbarous cruelty, of terror, and of spoliation. It is true that Mr. PARNELL rewards them by the generous admission that there are two good Cabinet Ministers; but both of them are undoubtedly indifferent to his questionable compliment. Mr. FORSTER, notwithstanding the passionate weakness of his conduct during the last Session, is an honest and an able man. Mr. GLADSTONE himself does what he thinks right, though he unfortunately is too prone to believe that whatever he is inclined to do is right. The Ministers, as a body, are men of ability and high character; and nearly all of them must be averse to anarchy. Their passive complicity with the worst offenders must be founded on some kind of cause or motive. They probably, and perhaps rightly, think that their continuance in office is for the interest of the State. Any competitors who wish for personal reasons to take their places must be not only selfish, but crazy.

MARSHAL MANTEUFFEL.

MARSHAL MANTEUFFEL has given a summary of the aims he has in view, the difficulties he has to encounter, and the progress he has made, as Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. He has got together a Provincial Assembly, which is no doubt respectable, but which is regarded with cold disapproval by the chief men in the country, and to which Strasburg refuses to send any representatives. He constantly impresses on every Alsatian or every Lorrainer with whom he has to deal that they must look on the cession of their territory to Germany as irreversible. The beginning of everything is that the inhabitants of the provinces should look on themselves as once for all Germans. But, if they will but be good Germans, then, so far as depends on him, they shall be happy Germans. He finds that they wish, so far as they condescend to wish for anything from him, that their local constitution should be made more definite and more comprehensive. With this wish he is quite ready to comply to the utmost of his power. If he can but achieve what he and they want, he will return home with a good conscience. And, whatever else he may have done, or failed to do, he has inspired the inhabitants with a belief that he personally is their friend, that he is at once kind and just, that he has large powers accorded him, and that anything he recommends will probably be given them. He has personally gone all over the territory confided to his charge, has conversed freely with men of all parties, has listened to all complaints, and has received with respectful attention the statement of opinions entirely adverse to his own policy. Nor

does he deceive himself as to the impression he has made. Those who have agreed to join in the creation of a local constitution have done so wringing their hands with tears in their eyes, so painful has it been to them to separate themselves from old traditions and to work with those whom they still look on as conquerors. To his regret he also found that he came in contact with people whom no arguments could convince and no persuasions soothe, and whose only reply is that in their hearts they still feel themselves to be Frenchmen. He is sometimes a little encouraged, more frequently disappointed, and owns that he has always to be going uphill and very slowly. But there are two things to which he trusts for obtaining by degrees a better result. These are his own good intentions, and his intentions, he declares, are the intentions of the EMPEROR. He has been expressly directed to show that he can appreciate and respect the sentiments of a people which has been unduly and suddenly forced to break away from a nation with which it has been for two centuries connected. He has none of the illusions so widely spread through Germany at the time of the war, and based on the belief that the Alsatians looked on these two centuries as a painful episode in their real history, and were panting for the day when they would be restored to the Fatherland. Then there is the general mode in which Alsace-Lorraine is regarded by the heads of Germany. What they wish, above all things, is that the provinces should not be held as a conquered country. What they wish them to be is a territory held for military purposes. The first thing is to see that they are held so that these military purposes are properly carried out. Then, a territory so held must belong to some one. It cannot be independent. It must have the coinage, the laws, and the liability to military conscription of those who are using it for what they consider necessary and just objects. But, when once these objects are attained, when the provinces have been made to offer an unassailable frontier, when in certain large matters the provincials have been marked as belonging to Germany, then the Germans are quite willing to leave them to themselves, and let them still be Alsace-Lorrainers, and not copies of Baden or Bavarians.

It is not difficult to plan such a programme, but the man who has to put it in execution finds at every turn how hard it is in politics to descend from the general to the particular. Whatever he does is sure to be attacked from some quarter. There is, according to German ideas, a large liberty of the press allowed in Alsace-Lorraine, and the press criticizes with bitterness everything the MARSHAL does. But the main current of adverse criticism comes from German sources. He is not nearly German enough to please the hard and bitter spirit which many of the conquering race display. The German newcomers into Alsace-Lorraine think him far too indulgent to the provincials. They accuse him of being at enmity with the German local officials. The MARSHAL says that this accusation is totally untrue. He has no differences with his subordinates. And in one sense, no doubt, this is a perfectly correct statement. German subordinates are far too well drilled and far too anxious to keep their posts to rebel against a Marshal and a Governor. They do what they are told to do; but they nurse secret grievances, and naturally resent an order so distasteful to the German official mind as the order to be courteous and conciliatory. What they cannot say, their friends in the press say for them. Then the terror of the great BISMARCK is held over the MARSHAL's head. It is alleged that his policy is on the face of it not a Bismarckian policy. There is nothing violent, high-handed, or frankly brutal about it. On general grounds the critics of the MARSHAL are sure that the CHANCELLOR must disapprove of any one who goes on in a way which he would never adopt himself. The MARSHAL flatly contradicts the allegation. He is on excellent terms with Prince BISMARCK, and works in harmony with the chief of Germany. But here again, although it may be very true that Prince BISMARCK acquiesces in a policy of leniency towards Alsace-Lorraine, and is wise enough to see that, in special circumstances, there must be a departure from his ordinary policy, the fact remains that it is a departure from his ordinary policy to be kind and patient, and to foster local independence. Ardent Germans may be excused for calculating that a good day will come to them before long, and that their BISMARCK will show himself to be the same everywhere. Marshal MANTEUFFEL has won over the Bishop of STRASBURG, from whom he derives very valuable support,

and whom he treats with affection and respect. His German critics ask whether this is in the proper spirit of the struggle for culture; and whether it is decent in a high German official to be friendly with an ecclesiastic? The MARSHAL replies that he yields to no German in the determination that the Church shall not encroach on the State, but that he is proud to be, and intends to remain, on the best possible terms with any ecclesiastic who will work with him. Lastly, the Germans complain that the MARSHAL listens to applications for redress and help made by those who openly declare they are not reconciled to Germany. Here the MARSHAL puts down his foot, and puts it down firmly. When it is justice that is asked for, he has not stopped, and never will stop, to inquire what are the personal opinions of the applicant. If there are good grounds for treating the applicant well, the MARSHAL will treat him well, although he may be disaffected to German rule.

It is not surprising that, so far as the provincials are becoming reconciled to this rule, the process should go on very slowly. Men and women cannot change the feelings and habits of a lifetime; and the higher they are in society the greater is their pride in not changing. Then it must strike the provincials that all this German criticism on the MARSHAL may indicate that the governorship of this good Governor is, after all, a happy accident. The MARSHAL will go, but the Germans will remain, and those who remain will be the people who will persistently say that an honest Bismarckian policy is the right thing, that disaffected persons ought not to expect justice, and that it is painful, and almost revolting, to see a German official on friendly terms with a Bishop. And then the Alsations find it hard to begin at the beginning, and to allow that they must be for ever Germans. They may secretly nourish the dreams or previsions to which M. GAMBETTA gave expression at Cherbourg. The generation of to-day can only do its duty in the circumstances in which it is placed, but there is a larger and higher justice behind the scenes which will play its part on behalf of those who wait. This speech was received in Germany with far too much of panic and exaggerated timidity. But it unquestionably tended to make the position of Marshal MANTEUFFEL more difficult. It cannot have been easy for an Alsation to read it without thinking that what M. GAMBETTA had dreamt he also might dream. And a local incident has occurred which must point the thoughts of Alsations in the same direction. A French revenue officer, who acted as the agent of an Insurance office, who moved in the best local society, and was on a footing of intimate acquaintance with many German officers, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for having communicated to the French Government plans of the fortress of Diedenhofen. There is nothing extraordinary in a neighbouring Government wishing to obtain details as to the military strength of Germany; and it is notorious that for years before war broke out in 1870 Germans had been employed in every part of France to furnish every information that could by any possibility be of use to an invading army. But it must stir the hearts of the disaffected in Alsace-Lorraine to learn that there are Frenchmen willing to run a great risk in order to communicate information about the fortresses which overshadow the provinces, and that the French Government thinks it worth while to procure and to pay for such information. The real difficulty which the MARSHAL has to encounter is that of making his provincials believe, what neither Frenchmen nor Germans really believe, that the ownership of the provinces has been decided once for all; and this is a difficulty which must create a serious obstacle in the way of that good and honest and generous work to which he personally is devoting himself.

END OF THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.

THE naval demonstration now at an end will continue to be a subject of controversy till a party dispute is superseded by newer and more interesting subjects of discussion. When it was first devised, Turkish diplomacy had succeeded in imposing on all the Powers. The Albanians were supposed to offer a serious obstacle to the cession of Dulcigno, especially as the SULTAN was thought to be afraid of his own Albanian bodyguards. The combined squadron was intended at the same time to impress the Turkish

Government with respect for the concert of Europe, and to intimidate the local chiefs who might perhaps not be aware that some of the Powers had resolved not to fire a gun, and that none of them thought of landing troops. The commander of the Turkish troops in the neighbourhood felt, or affected, invincible repugnance to any collision with faithful subjects of his sovereign; and at last a Note was published at Constantinople which contained a scarcely veiled rejection of all the demands of the Powers. Immediately afterwards the policy of defiance was suddenly abandoned in consequence, according to Lord GRANVILLE, of his proposal to intercept the revenues of Smyrna, or, if the unanimous statement of German and Austrian writers may be believed, in deference to representations made by Prince BISMARCK through the Ambassador, Count HATZFELDT. The question whether the English or the German version is correct still possesses practical importance. If the Turkish Government yielded to a threat of violence, the menace may be repeated with effect for the purpose of obtaining other concessions. The alleged intervention of Germany, on the other hand, purports to have been friendly; and it is thought to have been accompanied by assurances that no further coercion would be applied. The abnormal measure of occupying the port of Smyrna would have involved the dissolution of the European concert, for Germany and Austria, and probably France, would have withheld their co-operation. It is possible that a disagreement among his formidable advisers might have been regarded by the SULTAN as an equivalent for hostile proceedings on the part of England and Russia. It is admitted by all the disputants that the cruise of the combined squadron in the Adriatic contributed but indirectly to the trivial result of the late negotiations. It has at most illustrated the possibility of European concert, and also its fragility. The Turkish diplomatists have scarcely received the credit which they deserve for their ingenious fiction of Albanian patriotism. As soon as they finally determined to comply with the demands of the Powers, a capable commander was ordered to suppress local opposition; and he accomplished his task without serious opposition. It is to be regretted that some loss of life was caused by the belief of the local chiefs that they had at any time been intended to resist in earnest; but, on the whole, all parties, including the Albanians, seem to be well satisfied. The Prince of MONTENEGRO has with prudent laxity released some Mahometans who were in custody on the charge of a plot to deliver Podgoritz to the Albanians or the Turks. The fends in that disturbed region have seldom been less active than now.

As something has been done, though the result was ludicrously small in proportion to the machinery employed, the English Government endeavoured to induce its late allies to solve by the same method a more important question. All the other Powers, with the exception of Russia, refused to concur in the project of transferring the operations of the fleet to the *Ægean*. The contingent squadrons have already sailed in various directions, and there is no reason to believe that they will at any future time reunite. Nearly all the Governments have lately urged on the Greeks the expediency of deferring the conflict for which they have been actively preparing. Official refusals to comply with their advice must not be understood as necessarily final. The KING of the HELLENES and his Ministers must be aware that they use a dangerous and undignified argument when they assert that revolution at home would be the alternative of aggressive war. A nation, like a private litigant, is estopped from taking advantage of its own wrong, or, as in this instance, of its own alleged weakness or anarchy. An intelligent population cannot but be sensible of its inferiority in military resources to an enemy who may perhaps not wait to be attacked. It is improbable, though not impossible, that a Greek army might succeed in acquiring forcible possession of the territory in dispute. A disastrous repulse would be as perilous to the Government of Athens as a judicious hesitation which would be rightly attributed to prudent regard for friendly counsels. It is true that Greece has the exceptional advantage of security from retaliation. No Turkish army will be allowed to reconquer, or perhaps to invade, the territory which was liberated in the War of Independence, nor is there reason to fear a bombardment of the Pireus; but a crushing defeat incurred in Thessaly or Epirus might indefinitely postpone the aggrandizement which the nation confidently expects. If Greek patriots examine the published statements of

their friends in London, they will find that the Greek Committee, while it excuses their impatience, virtually advises them to acquiesce in their present helplessness. Lord ROSEBERY is a clever and versatile speaker, and he is a devoted follower of Mr. GLADSTONE; but he could suggest no ground of confidence to the Greeks, except that the present English Ministry included many friends of their cause. No weight can be attached to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S vague assertion that, if the Greeks went to war, they would not stand alone. New comers into high office sometimes forget that they have left situations of "greater freedom and less responsibility."

Unfriendly critics of Mr. GLADSTONE'S novel policy point out with perfect accuracy the distinction between the demand for the cession of Dulcigno, which was founded on the Treaty of Berlin, and the claim to Janina, which was recommended by a subsequent Conference in accordance with a protocol annexed to the treaty. The Turks were parties to the treaty; but they were in no way bound either by the protocol or by the decrees of the Conference. If international jurisprudence resembled municipal law, the case of Greece would be absolutely untenable; but the nominal equality of independence of sovereign States affords no security against the dictation of Governments which are armed with irresistible force. For many years after the Congress of Vienna, the Five Great Powers exercised an undisputed control over the affairs of Europe when they were agreed, and some of them often interfered in alien contentions without the assent, but also in default of the opposition, of the remainder. If the late parties to the naval demonstration were agreed in a determination to give Janina to Greece, it would be useless to prove that no treaty gave them a right to interfere. The protocol of Berlin, though it was really appended to the treaty in compliment to M. WADDINGTON, virtually assumed the right of the Great Powers to dispose of Turkish territory at their pleasure. The same pretension was more distinctly advanced when the Berlin Conference of the present year defined a frontier for the benefit of Greece without any commission from the Turkish Government, and in disregard of its protest. If Germany, Austria, and France had acceded to Mr. GLADSTONE'S recent proposals, they would have acted in strict consistency with their participation in the Conference of Berlin. Whether they had or had not a right to arbitrate, they would have committed no further usurpation by executing their award.

The precedents for intervention are numerous, though many of them have not been generally approved. The despotic sovereigns who were popularly believed to form a Holy Alliance supported or sanctioned the suppression of the Neapolitan revolution by Austria in 1821, and the restoration of absolute government in Spain by the Duke of ANGOULÊME'S army in 1824. At a later period France, with the concurrence of England, made war on Holland for the purpose of establishing the independence of Belgium, although both Governments were parties to the treaty which guaranteed the Kingdom of the United Netherlands. Lord PALMERSTON'S Quadruple Alliance for the maintenance of constitutional government in Spain and Portugal had no justification except the assumed right of powerful States to regulate for professedly benevolent purposes the affairs of their weaker neighbours. NAPOLEON III., with his semi-official maps of a reconstructed Europe, and with his more disastrous Mexican expedition, carried the practice of officious dictation to an extreme. Mr. GLADSTONE'S project of liberating a considerable Greek population from Turkish sovereignty is perhaps as judiciously benevolent as any of the analogous schemes of his predecessors at home and abroad. If he could have induced his allies to co-operate in the execution of his plans as well as in the approval of his objects, he would have been enabled to use the conclusive argument of irresistible force. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether even Mr. GLADSTONE'S popularity would be proof against the dissatisfaction which might be caused by an unprovoked attack upon Turkey in concert with Russia alone. Adventures which were readily tolerated in Lord PALMERSTON'S time would be scarcely compatible with the virtuous and pacific sentiments of Liberals in the present day.

ENGLISH FARMERS.

MR. READ, who was for many years member for East Norfolk, and who lately visited the United States to report to the English Government on American agriculture, has this week addressed to his brother farmers a lively and pleasant discourse which is in many ways worth the consideration, not only of farmers themselves, but of the very many persons who are interested in the present and future of English agriculture. The main conclusions which he wished to enforce are short and simple. The English grower of grain and cattle has no competition to fear except that of the United States. Continental States, with their heavy taxation, their ruinous armies, and their exhausted soil, cannot undersell the English farmer. But the American can compete successfully, first, because he has a very large amount of virgin soil at his command, and secondly, because he is a wonderfully sharp, industrious, and practical man. There are, however, limits to his power of competition. Do what he may, he cannot grow wheat under 24s. a quarter, if he is to get a profit for himself. The cost of transit from the Western States to Liverpool cannot be put below 16s. a quarter. Therefore wheat must fetch 40s. a quarter when landed at Liverpool if it is to pay the American grower. Further, although the amount of virgin wheat land in the States is very large, it is not boundless, and the American farmer soon exhausts the land he occupies with his four wheat crops running and his habit of never manuring. Mr. READ gives the American farmer twenty-five years to exhaust the soil available for wheat, after which time he will be obliged to use some kind of dressing, and his expenses will increase. It is impossible to examine how far Mr. READ is right in his conclusions. We must take them for what they are—the conclusions of an experienced and practical man, having exceptionally good opportunities of inquiry. For twenty-five years, then, the English farmer will see wheat kept down by American competition to a point which may exceed, but cannot long fall below, 40s. a quarter. There is, again, and will be, American competition in cheese, butter, and bacon. But the American articles of this description are not good of their kind. American bacon is pretty good, American cheese is not good, and American butter is so bad that it can hardly be called butter at all. In beef the American competition will, according to Mr. READ, be most serious and most permanent. The Americans cannot compete in mutton; but when sufficient ingenuity has been applied to conveying and storing the meat, they will be able to give us fine beef in Liverpool at sixpence a pound. Mr. READ did not explain what he exactly meant by fine beef. He probably does not mean that the best American beef will ever be equal to the best home-grown beef. There will always be a fancy article in the way of beef for which Englishmen will pay a fancy price. But the English farmer will have to meet a competition which will give beef of all but the best kind at 6d. a pound. American wheat at 40s., and good American beef at 6d. a pound, is the best and the worst that the English farmer has to face.

But the point on which Mr. READ insisted most strongly was that the American competition is successful not only because the natural resources of the States are very great, but also because the American farmer is a different sort of man from the English farmer, and leads a very different sort of life. He is much more alive, he has received a better education of a modest kind, he is not overshadowed by living in the midst of a luxurious, indolent, and refined society. He is always brooding over what novelties he can invent or adopt. And then he leads a very hard life. He gets up at some unearthly hour which Mr. READ does not specify, but which enables him to breakfast at five o'clock. He never sports; he drinks nothing but what Mr. READ calls "filthy tea"; he dresses in the meanest way; and his only relaxation is to read. If Englishmen are to compete with him, Mr. READ tells them that they must go and do likewise. Let us suppose that this is true, and it is easy to see what a revolution in English farming is contemplated. The present race of farmers must disappear and make way for a new race. It has been supposed to be a reproach to English farmers that they have hunted and shot and had pianos for their daughters. Why should they not have gratified their tastes and attained this humble

degree of refinement? They were for the most part men of capital, who embarked that capital in a channel which promised to give them a fair return, a country life, country pleasures, and a home which, according to the standard of their class, was very comfortable and somewhat refined. They are now told that their capital will no longer give them these things, and they will obviously not put their capital into the channel of farming. Why should a man with 10,000*l.* choose to invest in an enterprise which will force him to rise in winter many hours before the sun, never look at the hounds, drink filthy tea, and go about dressed like the Irishman of comedy? None but men inured to the discomforts of humble homes and possessed of very moderate means would go through such a life, with nothing to tempt them but the chance of just holding their own against American competition. Then all this attention to details, all this personal self-sacrifice, all this minute unflagging supervision can only be profitably exercised if the sphere of operations is limited. The farms which such men can make pay must be small farms, and they will be worked by men of small capital, for men of means will not take up so distasteful a calling. The farmer of the future will therefore be very unlike the farmer of the present. He will be a man a little above a day labourer, who has saved, or can borrow, a few hundred pounds, and who will be willing to lead a hard, dull, penurious life in order that he may earn a moderate competence.

Whether the farmers of the future will be of this type it is impossible as yet to say. We are in a period of transition, and we do not know, and cannot know at present, in what direction we are moving. But there are some general propositions as to the future of English land which may be considered as indisputable. English land will always be cultivated, and will, in the long run, be cultivated at a profit. Whatever may be the conditions under which it is practically found to be cultivated at a profit, those conditions will ultimately be accepted. Legislation can only smooth the path of an irresistible process. It may quicken the flow of land into the market by enlarging the selling powers of tenants for life. It may cheapen conveyancing; and Liberal speakers at agricultural meetings seem to ignore the fact that Lord CAIRNS before he left office brought in very sweeping Bills for the accomplishment of these objects. Legislation may lighten the burden of agricultural taxation, or may secure the farmer in his claim for improvements. But the end of all these things will be independent of legislation. Natural selection will determine what kind of farmer is fittest to survive. Experience will show what are the products to which cultivation can be most successfully directed. If, as some people think, it would pay to grow square miles of cauliflowers, square miles of cauliflowers will be grown. If the farmer who gets up before dawn, and drinks filthy tea, will only embark on his enterprise with a long lease and favourable covenants, he will get his lease and his covenants. If the sense of ownership could spur a cultivator to get up still earlier and to drink a still more repulsive drink, the poor man will buy land. Otherwise he will not buy or will not keep what he has bought. The rent that will be paid will be that which the tenant can afford to pay, neither less nor more. It is obvious, however, that as all transition brings suffering to some one, the landlords will be the first and the chief sufferers. The rent is the easiest thing into which to cut when a farmer considers whether in the new state of things it will answer to take a farm. While the old style of farmer is being extruded, and the new style has not come into existence, the land will be left on the owners' hands. The selling value of land will temporarily fall, for, as no one exactly knows what is to be the future of land, the buyer is buying a risk. The political importance, too, of great landowners has been lessened by the Ballot, although their social importance remains, and there is perhaps less temptation to great landowners to rival each other in the purchase of land. But in time, when things have settled into a new shape, and when it has been discovered how English land can be made to yield a profit in the face of foreign competition, both rents and the selling value of land will probably rise. Competition at home will lower the margin of profit at which the new kind of farmer will be content to work, and what the farmer yields the landlord will gain. Not improbably the wish to own land may be

increased by the necessity of leading a hard life which ownership would sweeten, and by the desire men would feel to have the liberty which ownership would give them of adapting cultivation to the most profitable uses. Landowners would thus have to sell what many people would be anxious to buy, and the selling value of their property would rise. It may be added that the rate of interest on secure investments is visibly falling; and, directly the future of land is ascertained, there is every prospect of landlords being able materially to lessen the burden of their incumbrances.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

IF the people of the United States were engaged in any political controversy, the Message of an outgoing President to a moribund Congress would be as ineffective a document as a manifesto by an English Minister in a similar condition. It is nevertheless proper that customary forms should be observed; and it matters little whether the annual summary of events and prospects is composed by the actual President or by his equally respectable successor. Mr. HAYES has reason to look back with complacency on his tranquil term of office. As the opposite party has controlled the Legislature, he has not had the opportunity which he seems to have desired of reforming the Civil Service. The elaborate scheme of competitive examinations which Mr. HAYES now recommends to Congress will be quietly laid aside. The party managers who have lately elected his successor retain the old theory that the spoils belong to the victors. In time, perhaps, the frequent repetition of sound doctrine by eminent citizens may induce professional politicians to modify their practice; but whenever office ceases to depend on party claims, it will be difficult to excite interest even in a Presidential election. Even the funds for the contest are in a great measure derived from taxes imposed on the occupants of office, and voluntary contributions from their expectant successors. One or two vicious measures relating to the currency have been carried over the PRESIDENT's veto; but he has witnessed the steady reduction of the public debt, and during the last year general prosperity has revived throughout all parts of the States. It is not a little to Mr. HAYES's credit that during his term of office there have been none of the official scandals which disgraced the administration of his predecessor. The direct interference of the PRESIDENT has probably not been required because he had taken the obvious, though novel, precaution of surrounding himself with honest men. His Ministers have, on the whole, commanded general confidence; and Mr. SHERMAN, if he has not returned to specie payments, has seen greenbacks at par, and has conducted with skill and success the operation of discharging large amounts of debt and of reborrowing at a reduced rate of interest. To the PRESIDENT's Message Mr. SHERMAN contributes the questionable recommendation of a bi-metallic currency. At the instance of owners of silver mines in Nevada, Congress passed an Act requiring a constant coinage of silver, with an arbitrary and inaccurate value in reference to gold. The SECRETARY of the TREASURY now suggests that the relation of the two precious metals shall be readjusted; but he proposes that not only both kinds of coins, but the outstanding greenbacks, shall retain the character of a legal tender. The operation of riding three horses at the same time requires both skill and good fortune. Mr. SHERMAN has been lucky in the price of greenbacks, and he has hitherto, by an ingenious contrivance, kept out of circulation the silver money which he was legally compelled to coin. According to English notions, the PRESIDENT would have pursued a more dignified course in remaining neutral during the election of his successor; but the Americans are the sole judges of the question whether the chief of the Executive Government should be considered the representative of the nation or the head of a party. The experience of a President must, to compare great things with small, in some degree resemble that of a Lord Mayor. He has for the most part lived in comparative obscurity till his accession to office; and when he retires his political career is over. Two or three of Mr. HAYES's predecessors have attempted to escape from forced inaction by returning to the House of Representatives; but a dethroned sovereign more fitly remains in dignified retirement.

In former times the President's Message was expected

with excitement, if not with curiosity. The Democratic holders of the office before the Civil War not only did their utmost to inflame the jealousy of the Southern States, but also propounded questionable plans for the extension of the national territory into regions adapted to slave cultivation. After the dismemberment of Mexico, the President for the time being generally directed the cupidity of the dominant party to the acquisition of Cuba. It was also customary to insert in every Message one or more passages of defiance to England, even when there was no ostensible cause of quarrel between the two countries. Although the tradition lingers in the office of the Secretary of State, recent Messages have seldom included any irritating matter. The PRESIDENT professes to be satisfied with the present language of the English FOREIGN SECRETARY on the only question in dispute. It is not yet known whether his impression is fully justified by the state of the negotiation. In dealing with domestic topics, Mr. HAYES assumes, as is natural, a cheerful tone. He cannot but exult in the universal prosperity, and his SECRETARY of the TREASURY takes occasion to hold out the hope of a still further reduction in the interest of the Debt. Mr. BRIGHT, with characteristic party prejudice, lately explained the perversity of the United States tariff by the alleged necessity of raising a large revenue to pay the interest of the Debt, and gradually to discharge the principal. It would have been within his knowledge, if it had been his custom to know anything inconsistent with his own prepossessions, that revenue is designedly sacrificed for the sake of protection, and that the administrators who are engaged in the reduction of the Debt are inveterately hostile to the doctrine and practice of Free-trade. Mr. HAYES, as a member of the Republican party, is pledged to the cause of monopoly, and his successor professes the same opinion. The Democratic candidate for the Presidency was eager to guard himself against the charge of holding sound principles, though in his confusion he blundered into language which in some degree resembled Mr. BRIGHT's apology for American delusions.

The only contributions of the SECRETARY of STATE to the Message relate to the Chinese immigration treaty, which has not yet been received, and to the controversy with England arising out of the clause in the Washington Treaty which admitted America to the fishery of Newfoundland. It seems that Lord GRANVILLE's language is deemed more conciliatory than Lord SALISBURY's, but it is improbable that the main contention of the English Government can be abandoned. Lord GRANVILLE is not likely to imitate Mr. EVARTS in the peremptory tone and language which he has inherited from a long series of official predecessors; but he will not be disposed to inflict gross injustice on the fishermen of Newfoundland. It is highly probable that, in protecting themselves against the encroachments of foreigners whom they regard as intruders, they may have been guilty of excess for which compensation will be due. In the so-called Fountain Bay disturbances the tackle of some American fishermen was destroyed, and perhaps some of them may have suffered personal injury. No English Minister will vindicate violence against foreigners who were at the worst asserting a disputed claim; but the protest of the Newfoundland fishermen, though it may have been made in irregular form, seems to have been essentially just. The Washington Treaty gave American fishermen unrestricted access to the waters of Newfoundland; but by a local law the natives were prevented from fishing on Sundays. The Americans refused to be bound by the restriction, and consequently, if their claim had been allowed, they would have enjoyed for one day in the week a monopoly which could never have been contemplated when the treaty was made. In this as in other instances the English negotiators seem never to have thought of guarding any national right or interest; but they were perhaps controlled by peremptory instructions from home. Both parties must have intended that American and Newfoundland fishermen should be placed on an equal footing; but when Lord SALISBURY insisted on the obvious construction of the treaty, Mr. EVARTS thought fit to repel an imaginary pretension to the power of overriding an international engagement by municipal law. If the Colonial Act had been passed after the date of the treaty, Mr. EVARTS would have been in the right; but in that case Lord SALISBURY would not have relied on an untenable argument. If by some old law Frenchmen had been prohibited from killing game in England, and if a recent

treaty had conceded to them the privilege, they would, according to Mr. EVARTS's contention, have a right to kill partridges in August and pheasants in September; yet the innovation would be intolerably oppressive to English sportsmen. The PRESIDENT professes satisfaction at the admission of the English Minister that treaty rights are independent of municipal law. He will probably find that Lord GRANVILLE and Lord SALISBURY hold the same opinion, though they may have expressed it in different language. It remains to be seen whether Mr. EVARTS, or his successor, will insist on a wholly unreasonable demand. If the fishery can without inconvenience be suspended for one day in the week, there seems to be no reason why foreigners should not acquiesce in the limitation which the natives of the islands have, for reasons which they deem sufficient, imposed on themselves. It is not in human nature, or in the nature of a seafaring population, to stand by in peace and good-humour while competitors from a distance exercise privileges refused to themselves. It is true that the colonial Legislature can at pleasure remove the restriction; but, if it was in the first instance expedient, it ought to be retained.

SECULAR EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

THE French Chambers are debating by instalments an Education Bill which, in its original form, embraced Universities and schools of every grade. The Government not unnaturally thought that this tremendous meal would be more easily disposed of if it were broken up into courses, and the various Education Bills which have done so much to make M. FERRY famous are parts of the vast whole which a Committee originally proposed to submit to the Chamber of Deputies all at once. During the present Session the Bill making elementary education gratuitous has been voted by the Chamber of Deputies, and is now waiting its turn in the Senate. The constitution of the Second Chamber makes its opinion on this particular proposal unusually important. From the method in which it is elected the Senate specially represents the communes, and the communes are more directly interested in this particular Bill than in any other of the series. Free education, however it is worked, must be a costly business, and the Bill throws the privilege of finding the money upon the communes. Hitherto they have had only the right to tax themselves for educational purposes; in future, if this Bill passes, the right will be transformed into a duty. Inasmuch as only a very small fraction of the communes have used the right accorded to them, it is natural to suppose that they did not greatly value the permission; and this fact suggests a doubt whether they will be altogether pleased with the pressure now to be applied to them. While the Bill was before the Chamber of Deputies an attempt was made to transfer half the burden about to be created to the State, and the Chamber was so far in favour of this plan that it consented to take into consideration the amendment embodying it; but, under strong pressure from the Government, the Deputies in the end rejected it, though why they did so is not quite clear. It is easy enough, of course, to understand the objection which the Cabinet had to the proposal. Its members would, indeed, have had no bowels for a colleague's woes if they had not tried to spare the FINANCE MINISTER so serious an addition to the expenditure he is called upon to meet. It is not quite so obvious how they contrived to carry the Chamber along with them. There must be a great number of communes which would very much rather see the burden thrown—to use English equivalents—upon the Consolidated Fund than upon the rates; and when every arrondissement returns a member, local opinion upon local taxation might have been expected to have had greater weight with the Deputies. The Chamber is independent of the Cabinet when it would seem more natural for it to be submissive, and submissive when it would seem more natural for it to be independent. In the Senate, where a large proportion of the members are actually elected by the representatives of the communes, the divisions will be a better indication of local opinion on the subject. The success of the Bill will be a testimony of some value to the real feeling of Frenchmen towards the Church. One of the incidental results of making elementary education free will be to place voluntary schools, where they exist, at a very great disadvantage. We know something in Eng-

land of the competition to which these schools are exposed by the lower fees sometimes charged in Board schools; but a mere occasional reduction of fees is a flea-bite compared with an entire abolition of them. If the French peasantry are really willing to lay an additional tax upon themselves in order to banish the Church from the field of elementary education, it will indicate a nearer approach to active hostility than they have generally been credited with.

The Government are not content with making elementary education free. They further propose that it shall be compulsory and secular. The Bill by which this latter object is to be attained is now before the Chamber of Deputies, though the discussion of it has been suspended in order to make room for the Budget. It was introduced by M. PAUL BERT, in a speech the moderation of which would have seemed less studied if his name had not been associated with an attack of singular violence upon the Jesuits in connexion with the unfortunate 7th Clause. The gist of his argument was that, if education is to be compulsory, it must be secular. How can Protestants or Jews be forced to send their children to Catholic schools? Even the reactionary law of 1850 recognized this necessity in some measure. It made the teaching of religion obligatory, but it contemplated the provision of denominational schools in every commune where there was a non-Catholic place of worship. There are, however, over a thousand communes in which there is a Protestant "temple" but no Protestant school, besides the cases in which the non-Catholic population is too small to enable them to maintain a temple. Even if the law of 1850 gave sufficient protection to the consciences of parents, it would still be shocking to patriotism. Where there are denominational schools children must learn that they are Catholics, or Protestants, or Jews before they learn that they are Frenchmen. Even now the sins of the law of 1850 are not exhausted. As religion must be taught in communal schools, the teachers must be Catholics, and, what is worse, by the interpretation which successive Governments have placed upon the law, they must be good Catholics. Consequently religious questions have been introduced into the examinations which teachers have to pass, and it has even been required that the candidate should know both the letter and the spirit of the catechism. The consequence is that the training schools for teachers have been transformed into seminaries and convents, and the teacher has become the servant of the curé. More than this. M. BERT maintains that in Catholic schools—that is, in the great majority of communal schools—Protestant and Jewish children have been forced to attend Catholic instruction. When many religions are professed in the same country, and it is not possible to provide them all with separate schools, one of two things must happen. The children of the several minorities must be taught the religion of the majority, or religious teaching must be shut out from the school. Catholics themselves recognize this when they are in a minority. In Holland they demand that the elementary teachers shall be silent about religion; whereas the Protestants protest against the exclusion of religion, and maintain—just as the Catholics do in France—that not to teach religion is to teach atheism.

The force of M. BERT's reasoning is beyond dispute; but no one imagines that it is upon arguments of this kind that the controversy really turns. French Catholics are firmly persuaded that the introduction of compulsory and secular education is part of the general attack upon the Church with which the Republican policy has of late been identified. They maintain that, though the Bill leaves the parent free to have his children taught at home, or to send them to a denominational school, these permissions are altogether illusory. Peasants and artisans have neither the time nor the knowledge to teach their children themselves, nor the money to provide them with tutors. They will be obliged to send them to school as the only means of obeying the law. Even if they make an effort to teach them themselves, or accept the offer of some benevolent and Catholic neighbour to teach them, it is doubtful whether they will earn the desired exemption. The Bill provides that every child taught at home shall be annually examined by a Board, which, if it is not satisfied with his progress, will send him to the communal school. The value of the permission to send children to denominational schools is shown by the fact that, out of some 36,000 communes, there are at least 30,000 in which there is only the com-

munal school. Even as regards the remaining 6,000, the Bill gives the Departmental Council power to declare that, in consequence of the insufficiency of the teaching, attendance at a denominational school will not reckon as obedience to the law. The educational position of France is entirely different from that of England, where denominational schools are to be found everywhere, and the balance between them and rate-supported schools is held by an impartial authority. With us the managers of voluntary schools are just as eager in their advocacy of compulsion as the School Boards themselves; but if only one parish in six had a Church school a very different note would perhaps be sounded. It is the same with the proposal to make elementary schools entirely secular. Even in form it goes beyond the English system, while in practice there can be little doubt that it would be very nearly its direct contrary. There are a great number of Board schools in which the religious teaching is not to be distinguished, except in a very few particulars which the children are not likely to notice, from that given in the neighbouring Church school. In France it is proposed to forbid any religious teaching whatever in the communal schools. To use M. BERT's own example, the teacher will not be allowed to say that lying is displeasing to God; he must only say that lying is degrading. More than this, the lay teachers will, at all events under the present Republican Government, be for the most part men who have a very bitter hatred of the clergy, and will consequently be disposed to prejudice the children against them. If the Government had only been prompted by zeal for liberty of conscience, they might have borrowed the principle of a Conscience Clause, and have taken some effectual means to protect non-Catholic children against Catholic teaching. A Government with such antecedents as theirs cannot expect not to have its ecclesiastical legislation very closely scrutinized. It is difficult to look at the new educational project without a suspicion that it is the indirect injury it will inflict on Catholicism rather than the direct service it will render to Protestantism that makes it dear to its authors.

THE YOUNG LION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE constituency of the Border Burghs is no doubt a highly respectable constituency, but perhaps a very keen sense of the ludicrous would not be attributed to its members by their warmest admirer. "For pleasure, give me Peebles," is a local adage; but even local patriotism has not arrived at the pitch of saying, "For humour, give me Hawick." Therefore, the speech in which Mr. G. O. TREVELYAN announced to his constituents the important fact that he had accepted "an office of business" in the Ministry that now governs the country probably did not strike the men of Hawick in quite the same light as that in which it strikes some other people. There is a legend of a youthful German student who thus wrote to his friends:—"MATILDA loves me, and I love MATILDA; therefore, all is well." Mr. TREVELYAN's utterances on Monday reduce themselves to a similar formula with the greatest ease. Mr. GLADSTONE has invited Mr. TREVELYAN to accept an office of business, and Mr. TREVELYAN has consented to do so; therefore, all is well. Hawick and England may sleep peacefully and calmly, secure of the fact that Mr. TREVELYAN is there. As for Mr. TREVELYAN himself, to do him justice, he seems quite as happy as he thinks the country ought to be, and breaks out into phrases of delight which recall rather the author of *Horace at Athens* than the severe reformer of the present day. To serve under Lord NORTHBROOK, to be Mr. BRASSEY's colleague, to hear the clocks of the department strike as they struck in his youth, all this is almost too much for Mr. TREVELYAN, and he thinks that these delights go to make up "a lot than which it would not be easy to draw a better in the wheel of fortune." Indeed some of his constituents might have cautioned Mr. TREVELYAN against the well-known danger of being "fey." But it is for his country rather than for himself alone that the member for the Border Burghs rejoices. His entrance into the Ministry—let us put it as complementarily as we can—is the sign and symbol of many great things. The severe moralist who ten years ago quitted office on a possibly Quixotic scruple would not, the men of Hawick may feel assured, return except under the most solemn pledges of "thorough" from the entire Cabinet. We gather, in-

deed, from Mr. TREVELYAN's fashion of speech, that in all probability he holds a bond signed and countersigned by everybody, from Mr. GLADSTONE down to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and promising unlimited reform.

It is of course of considerable importance to the country to understand the import of this document, concerning the contents of which Mr. TREVELYAN was at once encouragingly suggestive and prudently reticent. He had his hand full of the most important truths, but he chose only to open his little finger. Yet even this opening disclosed much matter. The higher ranks of the army may regard their reorganization as a settled thing, for is not Mr. TREVELYAN (we must apologize for the apparent bull) at the Admiralty? As for the county franchise, that is settled, too, by Mr. TREVELYAN's promotion. His own chief, said Mr. TREVELYAN significantly, was pledged to this, and it is evident that he means to keep his own chief up to the mark. He is on the spot, and able to do it; and Lord NORTHBROOK must, we should imagine, have felt a slight shudder steal over him as he read the words the next morning. Even in a wide, though scattered, house like the Admiralty, the perpetual presence of Mr. TREVELYAN keeping one up to the mark must be a little disturbing. Lord GRANVILLE, too, had sworn that the Cabinet would never dissolve till the county householder had his due. We can only suppose from this that Mr. GLADSTONE intends *en cas échéant* to disregard the Septennial Act, and to discover that the ideal Parliament ought to sit for life. Such are the promises, artfully disguised by references to Lord NORTHBROOK and Lord GRANVILLE, which Mr. TREVELYAN holds out to the country; such the benefits which he has obtained by placing his services at the disposal of Ministers. For ten years, he said, he had devoted zeal and time to certain special questions which require somebody to watch them, to undertake the labour of mastering their details, and to force them on the attention of the House of Commons. That time is over; Mr. TREVELYAN's task is done. The wicked and obstructive general is as good as abolished, and the virtuous county householder as good as enfranchised. It must be admitted that the statement conveys a remarkable and almost alarming idea of the powers which are going to be let loose upon us after this ten years' labour. We really hope that Mr. TREVELYAN will not prove himself as troublesome to the Government as familiars have been to MICHAEL SCOTT and other persons famous in story. A man who alone and unaided, without the prestige of office or the assistance of official colleagues, watches two great questions, masters their details, forces them on the attention of the public and the House of Commons, and then magnanimously retires, leaving his nominal superiors to wind the horn of triumph and deal the deathblow to the helpless quarry, is an invaluable, but also a rather terrible, servant. Mr. TREVELYAN has done all this, for he says so. Surely the pleasure of serving Lord NORTHBROOK, the intense delights of Mr. BRASSEY's society, the joy of seeing those officials who taught his infant feet to move in official ways, cannot be expected to occupy and content such a genius as this? No, we may depend upon it that Mr. TREVELYAN will still be doing. Certainly Mr. GLADSTONE has plenty of jobs on hand which for a short time might quiet even this perturbed spirit. Suppose Mr. TREVELYAN were made Irish Secretary, or Ambassador to Constantinople, or Commissioner at the Cape, or Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in India? He would not be so happy as in the society of Mr. BRASSEY, but he would be more useful; and the *mot d'ordre* of the present Ministry, a Ministry of stern probity, is understood to be the tools to the workman. Indeed, it is not quite clear why Mr. TREVELYAN should not unite in his own person two or three of these responsible and difficult offices. He has, by his own confession, driven abreast for ten years the wild horses of Army Reform and Franchise Extension. Surely, then, he might manage, say, Ireland and India, or the Eastern question and the South African question together.

Long association with the electors of Hawick may possibly have dulled Mr. TREVELYAN's once tolerably lively faculties, or it may be that certain inherited peculiarities are making themselves unduly prominent, and that the avuncular "cocksureness" has eaten up the rest. But it is curious that any man accustomed to mix in the world, and to find, if only half-consciously, his level therein, should be able to make such an exhibition of himself as Mr. TREVELYAN made in this remarkable oration. There was

more in it, naturally, than the interesting autobiographical revelations on which we have chiefly commented. But it was not a very interesting more. Of course Mr. TREVELYAN gravely rebuked the Opposition critics for their bad language and unchivalrous opposition. Of course he made no reference to the peculiarly handsome language and the peculiarly chivalrous opposition which had characterized his own side a few months ago. Equally of course, he accused the late Ministry of getting us into difficulties in South Africa, as well as in Afghanistan and elsewhere. But these things are the necessary commonplaces of every Government speech. It was more interesting that Mr. TREVELYAN should gravely complain of the levity of his opponents, for, on this head at least, a *tu quoque* is impossible. Few people would have accused Mr. TREVELYAN of levity before Monday last; certainly no one will do so now. He has "made his proofs," and is entitled to the order and insignia of whatever saint is the patron of those who are hopelessly insensible to the ludicrous figure they cut. A Ministerial vacancy occurs at a time when the Ministry are very anxious to have none but safe seats vacated, and to admit to their body none but adherents who can be depended on in reference to the Irish question. A youngish man, of good ability and position, and of that convenient temper which can be made by a little adroit management to do work that other people do not care to do, is to be had very cheap. By this last expression we need hardly say that we mean nothing more than that Mr. TREVELYAN's place in the Admiralty is not exactly a Secretaryship of State. The place is offered and accepted, and the happy placeman forthwith announces *saturnia regna*, descants on his own unbounded felicity, and gravely publishes the record of his exertions during the past ten years, insinuating that the edifice of these exertions is now going to be crowned by the Cabinet, and that therefore without them the Cabinet would have no edifice to crown. Mr. TREVELYAN is the latest and one of the most pleasing *mouches du coche* that the political entomologist has met with. We are very sorry for Lord NORTHBROOK and Mr. BRASSEY, as well as for the *servus pecus* of officials with whom Mr. TREVELYAN longs to renew his acquaintance. These latter, however, will very likely find means to occupy their young friend, and, as our rude fathers used to say, to stay his stomach for work. But to persons who have no official connexion with the Admiralty Mr. TREVELYAN will be almost an unmixed boon if he goes on in this way. He will be amusing, which he has not been for some dozen years or more, and which but few of his colleagues (we must not say superiors) in the Government have the faculty of being at any time.

SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK ON CHINA.

THE Memorandum by Colonel GORDON on the military policy of China is criticized by a highly competent authority, Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. The point of the comment is that Colonel GORDON'S advice is very good, but that it has very little chance of being adopted, and the reason why it will not be adopted is that, to make the defensive policy contemplated by Colonel GORDON practicable, there must be a change of capital. "Nothing will avail the Chinese, neither their unlimited command of men, the vastness of the area to be covered or traversed by invaders, nor even ironclads able to engage the fleet of a foreign Power," while Peking remains the seat of government. A capital which cannot hope to escape attack, and is at the same time incapable of defence, is a constant source of weakness. The first condition of safety is the removal of the capital to Nankin, "the heart of the Empire and its true centre"; and this is, apparently, too great a change to be at all likely to be adopted. In any country a transfer of the capital would be a work of immense difficulty, and the difficulty is not likely to be less when the nation which has to surmount it is so conservative in its instincts as the Chinese. Of course, under a sovereign, or even a Minister, of extraordinary force of character, this and every other obstacle might be surmounted. But then the sovereign or the Minister has yet to be found, and it is on the cards, according to Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, that sufficient time may not be left for bringing him to the front. At this moment the Chinese Empire would, he says, be utterly helpless before the attack

of a single European Power. Now it is far from impossible that a European Power may shortly be found to attack her. The relations between China and Russia have for some time back been exceedingly unfriendly, and where the relations of Russia with her Asiatic neighbours are unfriendly, war is seldom very far off. Russia might even be tempted to do more than she intended by the success of her first measures. Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK seems to think that at the first shock of a Russian invasion the Chinese Empire might fall to pieces, and a national convulsion follow, "to which nothing in Europe can supply a parallel." Whether Russia is inclined towards such an invasion is difficult to say, but it is easy to conceive circumstances in which the temptation to undertake it would be very great. China affords a more promising field for superfluous Russian energy than either Southern Europe or Central Asia. Nearly everything that can be supposed to make India attractive is equally possessed by China, with the very great additional recommendation that there is no English army stationed on the other side of the frontier. If Russia finds her European ambition likely to yield no fruit, and any dreams she may have of a descent upon India dashed by the thought of the resistance with which it will be met, she may come, by a very natural process, to give the invasion of China a very prominent place in her thoughts. On the morrow of a great victory all the eighteen provinces of China might lie at the mercy of the conqueror, and though even Russia might hesitate before adding three hundred millions of human beings to her Empire, she might not be unwilling to begin a process of absorption which might be followed up by degrees as opportunity and leisure should offer.

This is not, however, the way in which Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK looks to see the aggrandizement of Russia in this direction brought about. China may cede territory before defeat, instead of after it. Her rulers may be so well satisfied of the result of an invasion that their one idea may be to avert it. There are two ways, according to Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, in which Russia may conceivably be propitiated. One is by the cession of Corea, the other is by the entire surrender of the Chinese claims upon Kuldja. Whatever may be the precise value of this province to Russia, there can be little question that a cession of it, made in order to avoid an invasion, would give Russia a preponderating influence at the Court of Peking. When territory has once changed hands under these conditions, the threat and the mode of averting it are pretty sure to be resorted to again. Indeed the mere consciousness that they can be resorted to may easily answer every purpose. When once the relative strength of the two neighbours has been mutually appreciated, the one may abstain from taking possession of territory which he knows may be his whenever he likes to seize it, while the other is careful not to offer resistance which he knows will have to be atoned for by solid sacrifices. In this way the influence of the stronger Power over the weaker may be completely established without any startling rearrangement of frontier. The tribute is exacted in the shape of control, and paid in the shape of submission. A new consideration has lately come into play to which at present it is impossible, from want of information, to assign its just value. The Chinese Government has apparently consented to allow the United States to treat the question of Chinese emigration as one of mere municipal administration. Consequently the United States Government will not have to answer to China for the expulsion of Chinese settlers. When they are driven from America, they will come back to their own country, and find no one to take up their cause or vindicate their right to live in America with as little molestation as Americans encounter in the Treaty ports of China. There are two aspects of this arrangement which may affect the relations of Russia and China. One is the consideration given for this concession. The Chinese Government can hardly have surrendered a treaty right without receiving something in exchange. The other is the fact that the shutting up of the Chinese within their own frontier may affect in quite unforeseen ways their relations with Russia. Supposing, for example, that they swarm over into the disputed provinces, they may make it less easy for Russia to hold them without some unmistakable show of strength. The choice between protection and conquest—terms so far removed in their apparent, so near allied in their real, meaning—might easily be determined by the treatment accorded to a band

of settlers who, but for Californian hostility to cheap labour, would have lived and died under the flag of the United States.

Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK justly remarks that the possible interest of these contingencies to England is very great. The annexation of Corea would bring Russia very near to the southern end of Japan, "with its unfrozen harbours of admirable capacities." The direct extension of Russian influence over China, whether in the shape of territorial extension or of a protectorate, might have serious consequences as regards India. In either case Russia would command the aid of the vast Chinese army, which, though not formidable in its present undisciplined and unorganized condition, is nevertheless capable of being turned to excellent account in European hands. China includes among her tributary States Nepal, Bhootan, and Barmah; and Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK has certainly some ground for saying that, "if, instead of the Manchu Emperor in Peking, we had a Great White Khan acting 'the part of suzerain over all these semi-barbarous tributaries of China, such a revolution might render our position in India more precarious than it has ever yet been.' Nepal is admirably placed for the purposes of an invader who is able to use it as his base, since, once there, he would have nothing between him and Calcutta but a level plain and unfortified towns. The fact that the Russian army in these regions was composed of Chinese, and not of Russians, would only make it more dreaded. In Asia, east of the Caspian, China has 'an unbroken tradition of a thousand years.' The perennial flow, the devastating march, the terrible persistency, the endless numbers of the Chinese armies are 'indelibly written on the tablets of the Asiatic mind.'

Of course these contingencies, even if not entirely unreal, are remote; but after the remarkable progress that Russia has made in Central Asia, it seems idle to suppose that she can be blind to the far greater advantages which she might derive from establishing a protectorate over China. She would then be virtually continuous with India in a more real sense than she could ever be further to the west, and the motives, whatever they are, which have prompted her advance in the direction which ultimately leads to Afghanistan, would equally point to an advance in the direction which ultimately leads to Nepal. The southward march presents the same temptations to the Asiatic Russian that it does to the European Russian. A more genial climate and a more fertile soil are before him in each case, and, as regards China, no obstacle is interposed in the jealousy of foreign Powers. The quarrel between Russia and China can at any moment be revived, and each time that it is revived it will be appeased with some further cession of territory or some further acceptance of control.

THE SUGAR BOUNTIES AND THE BOARD OF TRADE.

THE author, whoever he may be, of the letter which Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY has addressed to the Committee for the Abolition of the Bounties on Sugar, has not cared to add persuasion to argument. Oddly enough, he has not even been at the pains to put the two letters on the subject which were sent off from the Board of Trade on the same day into decent agreement with one another. In writing to the Workmen's Committee, Mr. ASHLEY observes that a boon to the English consumer of from two to two and a half millions a year is one not lightly to be rejected. In writing to the West India Committee, he describes the Board of Trade as disinterestedly anxious to reject it. They have proposed, it seems, to make inquiries of the Governments of the sugar-producing countries, whether they are willing to enter into negotiations for the removal of their bounties on the export of sugar; and they have done this in sublime disregard of the fact that "the immediate effect of the bounties is to benefit this country at the expense of other nations." If we accept the premises of the letter to the Workmen's Committee, it seems impossible to accept the conclusion of the letter to the West India Committee. In the former the Board of Trade rejects with horror the imputation of regarding "the immediate interest of a special and limited class of producers 'rather than that of the people in general.' The people in general pocket from two to two and a half millions per annum in the shape of cheap sugar, and they ought not

to be mulcted of this to please a few sugar-refiners and their workmen. But though the Board of Trade will not themselves do anything to deprive the people in general of this inestimable benefit, they are perfectly ready to ask the nations who confer the benefit to withdraw it. Either the sugar bounties are a benefit to the English consumer or they are not. If they are, why should the English Government persuade other Governments to take away that benefit? It is of no avail to say that it does so for the sake of the producer. That is Protection over again, and Protection in the shape of a conference called together to get rid of the bounties which make sugar cheap is just as much Protection as when it takes the shape of a countervailing duty imposed for the same end. There is no possibility of defending both the Government reasoning and the Government action. If the reasoning is sound, the action is mistaken. If the action is beneficial, there must be a flaw in the reasoning.

We have more than once pointed out that it is the reasoning that is defective and the action that is right. The Government are well advised in doing what lies in their power to get the bounties on foreign sugar removed, because, if the sugar industry comes to an end in England, the cause that keeps down the price of sugar will cease to operate. The foreign Governments who give the bounty are not carried away by a disinterested passion for the English consumer. If it would equally benefit the foreign producer, they would be content to see the English consumer driven to give up sugar altogether, in consequence of the prohibitive prices charged for it. Consequently, when the English sugar trade had come to an end, foreign Governments would no longer have any motive for maintaining the bounties. They are as well aware as the Board of Trade can be that a Government which gives such a bounty does in effect pay "out of the" taxes levied on its own subjects generally a part of the price "which the English public would otherwise have to pay" for the bounty fed article." It commits this economical blunder for a specific purpose—the fostering of the sugar industry in its own dominions. But supposing that this industry ceased to need fostering, inasmuch as it had the undisputed command of the English market as well as of its own, the Government would at once return to economical orthodoxy. What would then be the position of the English consumer? He would have nothing to protect him against increased prices except the possible competition of foreign countries among themselves. No doubt this might have the desired effect, but it is equally conceivable that it might not. France and Holland might combine to keep up the price of the sugar they export into England, and, in the absence of any English sugar to draw prices in the opposite direction, the foreign producers would only have to stop short of the prohibitive level to make an exceedingly good thing of it. When, therefore, the Board of Trade opens negotiations with foreign Governments to induce them to take off the bounties, it is simply consulting the ultimate interest of the consumer at the expense of his immediate interest, and this in theory is a perfectly legitimate step to take.

This is not the only error which marks these letters. They go quite unnecessarily into certain disputed questions of fact which it was not in the least needful to raise. Nothing is gained by telling complainants that they are very few in number, and can have no difficulty in finding other employment in other businesses if their present occupation is taken away from them. The statement that there are only from 4,000 to 5,000 workmen employed in the sugar trade has been stoutly contested, and, even if there are no more of them, 4,000 or 5,000 men will not be easily persuaded that when they are deprived of their visible means of subsistence some other means will at once present themselves. Since the Board of Trade were so confident on this subject, it is a pity that they did not indicate the precise employment which they had in view. Such a strength of assurance could hardly be founded on anything less than actual knowledge. Men may not resent being told that there is no remedy for their grievances; they will even put up with a demonstration that the particular remedy they ask for is, for one reason or the other, out of the question. But they do very much dislike being told that they have no grievance at all, or that the remedy lies in their own hands. They feel, naturally enough, that upon these points they are the best

judges. The best shoemaker cannot tell where the shoe pinches so well as the man who is wearing it. The migration of four or five thousand men from one industry to another is not accomplished without a large amount of individual suffering. None of them may be left in the sugar trade, but a good many of them may find their way to the workhouse in the course of the passage to another trade.

In the present instance the Board of Trade were not in the least called upon to go into these details. The argument against the imposition of countervailing duties is quite conclusive enough without any such addition. When the English Government negotiates for the removal of bounties on foreign sugar it knows, or may know, that the consumer will be protected against a probable, if not certain, danger by the same measure which deprives him of an immediate advantage. But, suppose it were to seek to effect the same aid by the imposition of a countervailing duty on some other article, how will it be able to measure the gain against the loss? In the one case cheap sugar in the present is weighed against dear sugar in the future. The consumer loses his two or two and a half millions now, but he is secured against a corresponding loss hereafter. If a countervailing duty were imposed on some other article than sugar, there would be no means of ascertaining whether the consumers would gain or lose by the change. How, for example, would it be possible to assess a duty on corn or silk which should cause the consumer just as much inconvenience as would be inflicted on him by the eventual dearth of sugar if no such duty is levied? It may be answered that there is no need to impose it on any other article; that, on the contrary, the end will be best answered by imposing it on foreign sugar. We feel very considerable doubt whether this last expedient would answer the purpose. It would be regarded in France and Holland as a distinct challenge to the Government which had imposed the bounty, and a Government met in this way is much more likely to pick up the glove than to leave it on the ground. In the case of France it would be open to the special objection that it would follow upon a considerable reduction of the French sugar duties, and would consequently be used by the foreign refiners as the clearest possible testimony to the uselessness of attempting to meet Free-traders half way. When the bounty was high, they would argue, England saw that France was not to be trifled with. As soon as it was lowered, England thought that France had begun to distrust her own policy, and that, under the pressure of a countervailing duty, she would altogether put an end to it. The French Chamber would almost certainly see in this state of things an argument for restoring the bounty to its former level. The conclusive objection to the prayer of the sugar trade is that any step whatever taken by England in the direction of protective duties would be fraught with infinite risk to the interests of Free-trade throughout the world. England is the only consistent advocate that the cause has, and if England were even in appearance to desert it, it would at once be accepted as the most conclusive of all conceivable intimations that she had at last become convinced of her error. The imposition by England of a duty for other than revenue purposes would be the signal for the resolute maintenance of protective tariffs where they exist, and for an immediate return to them where they have been abolished. The sugar trade might derive from this result the questionable comfort which is given by the sense of having companions in misfortune; but, with this exception, it would be in all respects as badly off as it is now.

TOM BROWN IN TENNESSEE.

IF Mr. Hughes's new colony of Rugby in Tennessee succeeds, as we hope it will, and as the excellent intentions of its promoter deserve, Mr. Hughes will have conferred a great benefit on his country. What is to be done with young men who possess more muscles than brains or capital? That is the problem which Mr. Hughes's colony will solve, if the new Rugby proves a success. The world of England is wide enough still, we think, for men with brains; and capital, if judiciously invested, can take care of itself. But lads of twenty-two who cannot get appointments in the Civil Service, who are discomfited by army examinations, who justly distrust their chances at the Bar, and who have no turn for literature, are certainly in a difficult position. Every one knows plenty

of these young fellows—capital companions, good-humoured, kindly, but not very energetic, except when sport is in hand. They generally have a vague idea of "doing something" in the colonies; and from the colonies they usually return with beards, tanned faces, and a store of anecdotes which make their society sought after in smoking-rooms. We do not suppose that Mr. Hughes's Rugby is meant for settlers of this class only, and it will not suit them at all unless they mean hard work. But if the possession of land has really a great moral effect, as is believed by people who wish to turn all Irish cottiers into peasant proprietors and so convert them to civilization, then there is a chance at New Rugby for young men who seem unlikely to succeed elsewhere. Land is cheap enough. The great moral difficulty of the scheme we have already hinted at. Youths who cannot do anything at home often lack character, and want the power of working steadily at any disagreeable task. However, the task of agriculture in Tennessee, among rhododendron bushes fifteen feet high, should not be nearly so disagreeable as teaching small boys, or adding up rows of figures, or waiting for briefs, in England. It is tolerably certain that many young men of real energy, and justly fond of life out of doors, will be tempted by the prospectus of the Rugby "Board of Aid to Land Ownership."

No one can accuse Mr. Hughes of telling these young men a flattering tale. In his speech at the "opening of the town site," he remarked that other Companies published "pamphlets full of figures and statements showing the rapidity with which enormous gains will be made." As to figures and statements about the probability of gain at Rugby, he observed, "we have nothing to say." Let people who think of settling at Rugby remember this frankness, and not blame Mr. Hughes if they are disappointed. The settlers, according to a telegram in the English papers, were "very much disappointed at finding the land covered with trees." Now we do not wonder that the young men were disappointed, if they started from England with the idea that the ground was as clear as it is in Iowa and as ready for the plough. Cutting down trees is laborious work; grubbing up the stumps requires still more expenditure of force and capital. If you run a fire through the stumps you will still, we believe, have to wait some seven years before the ground is fit for the long unbroken furrows of good wheat-land. Thus intending settlers must remember distinctly that Mr. Hughes has "nothing to say" about "enormous gains." "Vacuus Viator," in the *Spectator*, does indeed speak of "visions already so bright of splendid crops"; but people who think of trying Rugby must keep "Vacuus Viator's" visions and Mr. Hughes's statements entirely apart. He "looks with distrust rather than with hope on very rapid pecuniary returns." We do not observe in the pamphlet already quoted, or in Mr. Hughes's address at the Working Men's College, any hard cold facts about results, except these:—A man has been placed in charge of some cleared land, and has grown water melons, cantaloupes, tomatoes, Lima beans, cabbages, beets, squashes, and sweet potatoes. It is also stated that some one who has been in the Himalayas intends to try tea and coffee. The Store, also, has made what appear to us most rapid pecuniary returns. "The fertile bottoms," it is observed, "give good crops of maize and wheat." In what proportion are the fertile bottoms to the whole estate? As to the objects which an emigrant should set before him, we own that we are puzzled. It needs time and experience to grow fruit trees. We have a foreboding that, even in fertile bottoms which suit wheat and maize, settlers will find that the process of clearing is less rapid than they could wish. If the colony were established as a purely commercial affair, which it is not, we might doubt whether it could successfully compete with the ready-cleared wheat lands of the West. The difficulty of agriculture in the West has been the expense of transport. That difficulty is ceasing to exist. The cost of transport, we are informed, has been diminished by a half in ten years. The export of Indian corn has increased in seven years from 7,000,000 to 80,000,000 bushels, and Europe is only beginning to use Indian corn. Thus the West is a very dangerous competitor with Rugby, especially as Mr. Hughes's settlement is somewhat south, and out of the way of the great American belt of cultivated land, populous cities, and eager markets. These are commercial considerations. But Mr. Hughes's colony does not aim at mere commercial success. "Our aim and hope are to plant on these highlands a community of gentlemen and ladies; not that artificial class which goes by the grand names both in Europe and here, the joint produce of feudalism and wealth, but a society in which the humblest members who live (as we hope most, if not all, of them will to some extent) by the labour of their own hands will be of such strain and culture that they will be able to meet princes in the gate without embarrassment and without self-assertion, should any such strange persons ever present themselves before the gate-tower of Rugby in the New World." These are admirable sentiments. But it is necessary—Mr. Hughes, we are sure, will agree with us—to warn the intending settler that he must have a definite idea in his mind about what he means to do when he gets to New Rugby. Will he clear his ground himself, or pay to have it cleared for him? What sort of labourers will he find—negroes, or "mean whites," or what—in that "lovely corner of God's earth"? Is the soil likely to be very rich, seeing that it was only "in hard times" that the Boston Board contracted for the land, which, at the end of the bad times, "passed into the hands of the present London Board, who took up the enterprise as a business matter, but in conjunction with the original members of the Boston Board"?

Supposing the land good, and cleared, what does the settler mean to do with it? Will he grow wheat, or Indian corn, or try tobacco, or attempt grazing, or go in for fruit trees, or live the higher life on Lima beans and squashes? These are anxious questions, but an agriculturist will have to answer them. As Rugby in Tennessee is distant only about a fortnight's journey, would it not be prudent in young men to go and see the place, and learn all about its capabilities from personal inspection, before removing their capital, and possibly their sisters, to the new community, in which, by the way, "the sale of intoxicating liquors will be strictly prohibited." It must be observed that settlers will find some one on the spot to aid their researches. The garden manager who grows the squashes will give all necessary advice. With these cautions, we recommend Rugby to sons of gentlemen with small means, ready to work with their hands in the open air; to gardeners, small farmers, or stock-raisers, with capital to pay down one-fourth of the purchase-money of their land, stock it, and carry them over the first year; and, lastly, to persons whose health requires a mild climate. These are they whom New Rugby is "likely to suit," says the prospectus.

New Rugby is nothing if not athletic. The early English settlers laid down lawn-tennis courts before building log huts. But New Rugby is not the only athletic English settlement in America. Messrs. J. B. and W. B. Close, and Mr. Constantine Benson of the Cambridge University Boat in its palmiest days, have been the founders of an English colony in Iowa. The colony is a good deal senior to New Rugby, and its prospectus has therefore much to say about the cold facts of practical results and pecuniary gains. The pamphlet lies before us, and, taken with Mr. Hughes's, is not uninteresting. As in New Rugby, the principle of co-operation is acknowledged. We hear nothing of lawn tennis, nor even of a church, both of which institutions are very prominent in the prospectus of New Rugby. It does not appear that the sale of intoxicating drinks is forbidden, but Mr. Close says, "Unless a man will keep from drink he had better stay in England, where he can get the drink he is used to, for a drunkard will no more succeed in Iowa than in England." Mr. Close says nothing about princes in the gate, but observes, "The object of our firm is to establish a colony of English people of the better class, and thus combine Western farming with some English society." The farmers in the district will board and lodge visitors at fourteen shillings a week, till the inquirer finds out whether the country will suit him. The firm examines titles (too often encumbered, it seems), and generally instructs the inexperienced farmer in "breaking" the land. Clearing is not needed. Neither trees nor stumps nor rocks break the prairie, the soil of which is most fertile. Successive crops of grasses "have accumulated organic matter on the surface soil to such an extent that the most exhausting crops, in long succession, will not materially impoverish it." This sounds better than the fertile bottoms of the uncleared forest lands in Tennessee, where, says Mr. Hughes's book, "the light sandy soil requires manure to make it productive." Mr. Close takes a very serious view of the difficulties of clearing. Mr. Hughes said at the Working Men's College "It can be easily done." Mr. Close says the advantage of Iowa is that "a newcomer has not to spend the best part of his life in cutting down trees, uprooting stumps, and clearing away heavy logs from his farm, as he would have to do in a timber country." The most certain of all crops is maize; wheat has occasionally suffered from blight. Barley and oats do well. Flax suits the ground when first broken, and leaves it cleaner for next year. Potatoes flourish, and naturally the "boundless prairie" is fitted for cattle raising. Chicago is the market, a sufficiently large and eager emporium. Labour is said to be cheap, and labourers are not advised to emigrate. There is scarcely any big game; but, on the other hand, "bowie-knives are not wanted." As to capital, a man unaccustomed to roughing it should not try Iowa with less than 1,000*l*. "It takes time for him to learn to work as a labourer." As to pecuniary results, Mr. Hughes's plan is the best for us to follow. We say nothing about them; but we may suggest to intending emigrants that fertile lands ready cleared in the great wheat and maize country offer at least as promising a home to the English colony already settled, as visitors can hope to find in the uncleared "close" of New Rugby.

THE REIGN OF LAW IN IRELAND.

A FORMIDABLE triumvir has joined the duumvirate which, composed of the dead Dr. Johnson and the living Mr. Carlyle, has so long been exhorting the English people to clear their minds of cant. This new preacher is Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., and the particular variety of cant to which Mr. Jacob Bright has devoted his destructive energies has something to do with Ireland. Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, that which is most tormenting to Mr. Jacob Bright is the cant of "teaching the Irish to respect the sacredness of the law." He is, he informs us, tired of these cant phrases, and he proceeds to tell the world, with an ingenuous frankness which his brother would hardly have shown, why he is tired of it. The Legislature some years ago robbed him, Mr. Jacob Bright, and his brother manufacturers of their right to work their factories (and their factory hands) twelve hours a day, and cut them down to nine hours and a half. What can be fairer, therefore, than that the Irish landlords should be robbed likewise? Mr. Jacob Bright is quite tired of the cant which says that it is not fair, and indeed of the cant

which talks about the sacredness of the law at all. It is to be feared that among the many gifts of the member for Manchester the perception of analogies is not the most remarkable. But, as it happens, the case does supply an analogy which is strikingly appropriate. Suppose Mr. Jacob Bright's workmen were to come and say to him, "Sir, your present system of pocketing the profit after giving us fixed wages is in the last degree unfair. We will, if you please, relieve you of the trouble of the division. We will take enough of your profits to enable us to live comfortably, to dress well, to pay our tradesmen and the publican, to put something by for a rainy day, and, as all Lancashire lads and lasses are fond of music, to go over to Manchester now and then, and to hear Mr. Hallé's very improving concerts. When these things are comfortably arranged for, leaving us a margin in case of accidents, we shall be very happy to hand you over the balance, if any." This is exactly the proposition which the extreme Land Leaguers make to the landlords, and to which the canting persons of whom Mr. Jacob Bright is so tired object as infringing the sacredness of law. What is more, Mr. Bright must know perfectly well that there are plenty of operatives in Lancashire who are very firmly convinced already that this is the right thing to be done with him and his like. So perhaps it is a little imprudent, in one sense, of him to announce himself as tired of the cant about teaching the Irish to respect the law, just as it is very imprudent in another sense to revive the memory of the attitude of his political friends in the matter of the Factory Acts.

Mr. Jacob Bright, indeed, is not a person of great importance. He is only *Ursa Minor*, and not *Ursa Major*, among the *Jucida sidera* of the Radical party. But it is curious to observe that the action of the Government is encouraging a good many other members of that party to talk in the same way. The serious political student might say that nothing is more indicative of the degradation in the morale of the average member of the present Parliament than the way in which many of the carpet-baggers who were elected last April on the Government side have expressed themselves on this Irish question. But the phenomenon, as well as other phenomena, makes us feel considerable respect for Mr. Gladstone's political wisdom. Indeed we can hardly remember feeling so much respect at any previous time for that sometimes vanishing quantity. The determination not to call Parliament together has already justified itself in several ways, and only persons whose heretical pravity is proof against the clearest demonstration can now doubt it. In the first place, the delay is strictly fair. The Irish are engaged in endeavouring to bring the public opinion of England round by the means which Mr. Gladstone himself indicated to them a year ago as those best calculated to attain the end. Could anything be more iniquitous than, after giving the prescription, to refuse time for the cure? All great inventions, from penny postage to Boycotting, demand a certain time to mature them, and to interfere with the process is in the highest degree unjust. Besides, the longer the present state of things in Ireland continues the stronger becomes the position of the advocates of confiscation. More landlords can be shot and starved and made bankrupt and driven out of the country in a month than in a week; that is evident. The more intolerable the position becomes, the more waverers will every day be induced to support the Government Bill, whatever it may be, in company with which protection is promised them. More Radical members will be encouraged by the parrot cry of their party organs to declare that the cant of enforcing the law is quite disgusting. More districts will be reduced to that admirable state of outward peace which Mr. Parnell, with great truth, pronounces to be the result of perfect Land League organization, and in which no outrages are committed for the simple reason that everybody is in such mortal terror that no occasion or excuse for outrage is ventured upon. A clearer demonstration than this cannot possibly be required, and were it not for the dogged malignity which, as we know, always misrepresents Mr. Gladstone's conduct, it would have forced itself long ago upon the minds of all reasoning people.

Still this consummation is not yet arrived at either in England or in Ireland, and there are still persons whose conduct and utterances deserve the disgusted indignation of Mr. Jacob Bright. Judges (not always, it must be confessed, with discretion) continue to express the absurd idea that the law ought to be enforced; infatuated policemen, process-servers, and other instruments of cant persist in now and then doing their (cantingly so-called) duty, and receive the just reward of their deeds at the hands of a majestic people. The Reign of Law in Ireland at the moment is a singular one, and perhaps the Duke of Argyll (who, as an unprotesting member of the Government which maintains it, must be held responsible for its continuance) will oblige us with a new edition, altered in subject and corrected to date, of his admirable scientific treatise. It seems well now and then, during the ripening of Mr. Gladstone's plan, to invite those persons who have not wholly cleared their minds of cant to consider what is actually going on across St. George's Channel. This week there is no need to collect materials, for we have them already collected for us by Mr. Justice Fitzgerald. That learned judge opened the Winter Assizes for the province of Munster on Tuesday last, and charged the Grand Jury as usual. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald's charge is a very interesting document, and may be expressly commended to the attention of those optimists who, forgetful of certain statistics in connexion with the Disturbance Bill, have been making themselves happy for a week or two over the Government statement that crime has

not increased in Ireland. Cookery is an admirable thing, and "civilized man cannot live without cooks," but we venture to think that after Mr. Justice Fitzgerald's charge the Government would be well advised to exclude statistics from the list of materials on which they exercise the culinary art. The Judge began by an observation which was partly cheerful and partly gloomy. The Grand Jury, he said, must not think from the gravity of his tone that there was a technically "heavy" calendar before them. It was quite the contrary—in nine-tenths of the cases of reported criminality there was nobody made amenable. This is highly satisfactory for the Grand Jury of the Munster Assizes, who will not be long detained from the happy homes where they may pursue their ordinary vocations and be shot at and Boycotted. But, according to the method of arithmetic which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster prefer, it is quite clear that the thermometer of Irish crime runs up to a startling number of degrees in virtue of this observation. For every offence that comes within the regular and complete cognizance of the law there are ten which do not so come, for the simple reason that nobody is made amenable for them. Perhaps we may add, though it was no part of Mr. Justice Fitzgerald's duty to do so, that for every ten offences the commission of which is known, a hundred at least, in the shape of threats enforcing compliance with illegal demands, may safely be added to the list. In certain districts in the province of Munster, says Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, everybody of a certain class has a rifle and a revolver—usual ornaments of the person, of course, under the Reign of Law. Here is a list, for the county of Clare only, of extraordinary offences—offences, that is to say, which in a country of canting law-abiders like England do not occur at all, or only once in a moon-shine:—Forty-three letters threatening murder or violence, three cases of firing into dwelling-houses by armed and disguised parties, two of cattle-maiming, eight of arson, three of forcible possession. Now that Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen is a peer, and half in Opposition, nursery tales and nursery rhymes are probably beneath the attention of any member of the Government; but we really should like to see a version of "The Mulberry Bush," descriptive of the way they keep the law—the ordinary law, which reigns so securely that the very contingency of its having to be supplemented cannot enter Mr. Gladstone's head—in county Clare. "This is the way we fire our guns; this is the way we blacken our mugs" (the necessities of metre must excuse slang), and so forth, would make, with the appropriate business, a most spirited game; and the finish, "And this is the way we keep the law," would be most effective. But we must go back to Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, though we cannot hope to do justice to all the articles of the singular programme he had to set before the Grand Jury at Cork. Limerick beats Clare hollow, and Kerry can match the two put together. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald referred specially to a case of ear-slitting. If anybody wishes for minute, but slightly sickening, details as to this particular amusement of the amiable persons whom a certain party among us desire to estate and endow at the expense of their landlords, we have the pleasure to refer him to the *Daily News* of Tuesday, where will be found a full and authentic account of the process as carried out in the case of a man named Griffin only last week. In this case our Radical friends can hardly say that they like not the security; for Bardolph is one of themselves.

Ear-slitting, arson, cattle-maiming, murder and threats to murder, interdiction of fire and water—by the way the last person Boycotted is a lady, Miss Gardner, and only her revolver and the police protected her from the chivalrous folk of the West on Tuesday last at Ballina—these are the things which people tire Mr. Jacob Bright so terribly by objecting to. To say that the Irish must be taught by the sharpest and speediest means not to ear-slit, not to maim, not to threaten, not to murder, not to Boycott—this is cant. No law is sacred, says Mr. Jacob Bright with much eloquence but some obscurity, which destroys a people. The destroyed people seem to be curiously capable of active destruction in their turn. But, as we have said, reflections of this kind are cant. The only Reign of Law which is agreeable to Mr. Jacob Bright is, it would seem, the reign of lynch law, arranged in a truly Irish fashion, so that the wrong-doers are the judges and the sufferer is the person punished. The state of affairs is a little odd when it is compared with the words of Lord Selborne (who is also still a member of the Government) only a month ago. But that was after dinner, and after dinner a great deal of allowance must be made, even for noble and learned lords. The heart of man is tender then, and generous sentiments flow freely from his lips. Cooler reflection shows that such sentiments are only cant, and that the actual Reign of Law in Ireland is perfect.

THE TIMES ON ARMY REFORM.

THE *Times* has lately been busily engaged in preparing men's minds for coming military reforms of a thorough and comprehensive nature. Once more we are called upon to listen to the old familiar words set to a different tune. Once more we are told that a few finishing touches are necessary to complete the reorganization of our military system, or, to quote the words of our contemporary, "Mr. Childers will unfold a plan containing many important reforms, and giving general cohesion and shape to the organization begun some ten years ago." The first announcement which follows is of a somewhat startling nature. Public opinion in general,

and military opinion in particular, has been much exercised of late with regard to the proposed abolition of our present regimental titles and numbers, and the substitution of territorial designations applied to the two linked battalions belonging to each brigade *dépôt*. The *Times*, however, goes a step further, and wishes for groups of four battalions instead of two. "Regarding the territorial regiments in which the present Line battalions are to become merged, there is, we believe, a prevalent opinion in favour of an establishment of four battalions instead of two in each case." Our experience in this respect is certainly at variance with that of the *Times*, for, while we have never heard the four-battalion system advocated, we have seen a considerable amount of opposition offered even to the two-battalion system. According to the *Times*, however, "Two of our present corps—the 60th and the Rifle Brigade—consist of four battalions each; and the experience of the working of the Localization scheme for the last few years would seem to show an adaptability to all contingencies more complete in their case than in that of the double-battalion system upon which the twenty-five senior regiments of the Line are constituted." Why only the twenty-five senior regiments? Are not all our regiments now linked in pairs which are, to all intents and purposes, double battalions? The advantages to be derived from this proposed quadruple alliance of battalions strikes us as somewhat doubtful. "There would be more local consolidation, a greater interchangeability of officers and men, a larger *dépôt* to draw upon, and generally an increased capacity for meeting sudden and extraordinary pressure." "More local consolidation," we presume, means a few large recruiting centres in preference to a greater number of smaller ones dispersed over the country. As the recruiting sergeant generally has to seek his recruits instead of their coming to seek him, we suspect that the latter plan is the better of the two. With regard to "a greater interchangeability of officers and men," we can only say that we have hitherto been under the impression that the more officers were acquainted with their men and the men with their officers the better. Nor can we see the force of the argument that there would be "a larger *dépôt* to draw upon." We fail altogether to perceive that a *dépôt* of given size which has to supply four battalions is relatively any larger than one half that size which has to supply two battalions. There is some force in the statement that there would be an increased capacity for meeting sudden or extraordinary pressure; for it is undoubtedly true that, in the event of an urgent demand for troops, the battalions to be despatched to the scene of operations would each have their own *dépôts* as well as those of the three other battalions to draw from. But meanwhile the said three battalions must go without recruits; so, after all, it is merely robbing Peter to pay Paul. It is certainly, however, one degree better than volunteering from other corps, and that is about all that can be said in favour of the four-battalion scheme. We are next informed that "care will be taken that the corps standing highest on the roster for foreign service are kept in readiness"; and this is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. We are aware at this moment of a regiment which is on the eve of foreign service, and which cannot muster five hundred bayonets. But the succeeding sentence somewhat dashes our newly raised hopes:—"In fact, a battalion at home while, as at present, sustaining its link abroad for the first half of its stay in the United Kingdom, will, during the other half, be *solely engaged*" (the italics are ours) "in working up its own strength with a view to embarkation, in its turn, in a thoroughly efficient state." What then is to become of its linked battalion abroad during the last five years of its foreign service, possibly in an unhealthy climate, or on active service? If we could be perfectly certain that it would be allowed to spend the said five years in peace and quietness, well and good; but such an hypothesis is out of the question.

It is the old story once more, which, put into plain English, is simply this. We want a certain number of recruits annually; if we can get them, the present system, or for that matter any other system, will do well enough; if we cannot get them, no amount of manipulation, reorganization, reform, or by whatever other name it may be called, will enable one man to do the work of two, or to be in two places at once. It is wonderful to see how the practical and business-like Briton will allow himself to be amused and diverted with subordinate and subsidiary questions like these, while the real point at issue—how to obtain a regular and sufficient supply of recruits—is conveniently ignored. We are next informed that "discriminating, and we hope effective, steps will be taken to obtain a due supply of good non-commissioned officers. The sinecure colonelcies will disappear. The present enormous list of generals, many of whom are generals only by age, will be replaced by a number proportioned to our requirements, all of whom will be generals by proved fitness for the duties of the position." We have nothing to say against any of these measures, which are alike salutary and economical. They are, however, matters of detail, and we pass them over to proceed to another proposed reform of a much more important nature, and one to which the greater portion of the article before us is devoted—namely, promotion by pure selection for the ranks of major and lieutenant-colonel. This drastic change, for that is what it really is, is strongly advocated by the *Times*, and supported by a number of arguments of a decidedly plausible and specious nature. We are told a great deal that we knew before about the advisableness of having the fittest man to command, and the importance and responsibility of the duties attaching to the command of a regiment. We also hear certain things that we did not know before—for instance, that "all (officers) are

equally eligible for promotion, and all equally liable to supersession, without regard to merit or demerit. Mere seniority settles the question." We unhesitatingly challenge this last statement as being utterly opposed to fact. Every year scores of officers disappear from the Army List as they approach the upper regimental grades, not of their own free will, but because they have been privately given to understand that, in consequence of unfavourable reports, they cannot be permitted to hold the command of a regiment. All this is done so quietly that it is not noticed, and this fact alone is sufficient to make the present system unpalatable to the Radical mind, which prefers ostentatious publicity.

According to the *Times*, "Some ten years ago we paid largely for the abolition of a system of promotion that was based upon seniority tempered by money; but we certainly did not make this sacrifice merely in order that we might substitute seniority pure and simple. And yet this is about the only result we have attained." We entirely deny this, and assert that the present system in our army is seniority tempered by rejection, and tempered too to a much greater extent than is generally known, or even supposed, for the reasons above given. We have no wish to be misunderstood in this matter, and we are by no means among those who maintain that our present system is perfect. That the Commander-in-Chief occasionally errs on the side of leniency and from excess of consideration for the private feelings of officers, may be true; but, before we join in the cry for pure selection, we shall need some more convincing arguments than the *Times* has yet adduced. These arguments are directed to prove—first, that the best man ought to succeed to the command of a regiment, which we do not deny; and, secondly, that it is easy to ascertain who is the best man, which we strongly doubt. So long as men hold different ideas and different opinions, they will report in various terms of the same person, and any officer may be warmly commended by one authority and disparaged by another. In a recent speech at Galeshiels Mr. Trevelyan accused the Duke of Cambridge of "having given evidence before a Royal Commission which was one long denunciation of promotion by selection." It is within the bounds of possibility that the Duke of Cambridge, with his experience of a quarter of a century in command of the army, may be better qualified to give an opinion on this point than the member for the Border Burghs; but this is, of course, a matter of opinion. The objections of the Commander-in-Chief to the proposed system are based upon the widely conflicting nature of the confidential reports he receives upon various officers, and we only wish he could be put into the witness-box to give evidence upon this point. Finally, the *Times* gives us this curious piece of advice as to how to obtain true information:—"If the military authorities are unwilling to undertake altogether the invidious task, they might institute such a system as prevails in the French army, where, by a close inspection by different generals, and a comparison of reports independently made, a fair estimate of the comparative merits of officers is arrived at by the War Minister." We cannot too strongly denounce this servile imitation of foreign models, regardless alike of their intrinsic value or their applicability to our own system. Let the tree be judged by its fruit. Has not the discipline of the French troops been for years a byword in Europe? Is it not notorious that it collapses under the smallest reverse? Given a consummate general to command, an inferior one to encounter, and all goes well; reverse, or even alter, these conditions, and immediately the cry of "treason" is heard, and the regiments fall to pieces. Could any one who had the interest of our army at heart recommend the adoption of such a system after reading General Trochu's pamphlet on the campaign of 1859? Is it not true that French officers, themselves of high rank, advised us after the Crimean War to reform our general system, but on no account to touch our regimental system, for it was perfect?

We are quite aware that would-be army reformers make great use of the argument that there has never been any military reform attempted which was not violently opposed by military men. There is force in this; for it must be admitted that military men, as a rule, are highly conservative, and it is no doubt fortunate that they have not had things all their own way. But what has been the result of all our reforming? Has it always been good? It seems to us that so long as we confine ourselves to matters of detail—such as education, hygiene, equipment, barrack accommodation, &c.—we succeed, but whenever we attempt any reform on a grand scale, we fail miserably. We abolished purchase, and removed the grievances of a few to supply grievances to the many; also for the purpose of buying back our army in order to manage it ourselves, which, as we may perhaps show on another occasion, we have failed to do. We spend seven millions in barracks for the depots of our newly-formed linked battalions, and find that we might just as well have thrown the money into the sea. We institute short service and a reserve, to find that we have a splendid second line which we cannot use, while we have ruined our first line, which is in daily requisition for colonial wars. Regarding short service, we would also call attention to Sir F. Roberts's speech at Woolwich, in which he stated that, when offered his selection of regiments for the march to Candahar, he chose those which contained most old soldiers, and the result was that at the completion of the march he had only three per cent. of the whole force sick. We also hear that of one battalion in General Phayre's column, which was chiefly composed of young soldiers, nearly fifty per cent. were on the sick list. With such experiences before us, it must be admitted that there is some justification for those who begin to distrust drastic changes in our military system,

and though we would never oppose a reform merely because it involved change, we cannot see sufficient grounds at present for instituting promotion by pure selection. Let rejection be more largely practised, if a change is needful, but we cannot see that it would be advisable to go further at present.

LA DONNA NON È MOBILE.

ON Wednesday last the Manchester National Society for Promoting Women's Suffrage held its annual meeting in the classical locality of the Free-trade Hall. Many things combined to exalt the spirits of the champions. A Parliament of crotcheteers is offering premiums to anybody who will cry loudest the old cry of *Fatras à la douzaine!* The Isle of Man has passed, by a tremendous majority of its House of Keys—there were sixteen enlightened Manxmen on one side of the House and only three on the other—a Bill admitting women to the suffrage. A crowded meeting has been held in Bristol in favour of the movement. A census has been taken in Newnham Hall, the result of which went to show that some ninety-four per cent. of the young ladies there educated conceal advanced Liberal opinions under their talented foreheads. Mr. Gladstone, it is true, has been a persistent opponent of the movement; but then Mr. Gladstone, as Miss Becker pointed out amidst the ringing cheers of the Free-Trade Hall, has been notorious all through his career for coming round to the side of which he has been the persistent opponent. There always is a devil's advocate on these occasions, and the function was discharged on this occasion by Mr. Alderman Bennett. This father of the city of Manchester is a sound women's suffrage man; but he took a nasty manly pleasure, it would seem, in damping the hopes of his enthusiastic companions. Not only did he make the remark about Mr. Gladstone which was, as we have seen, successfully countered by Miss Lydia Becker, but he made unpleasant remarks about the House of Bright. The voice of Jacob, he pointed out, was in favour of women's suffrage, but the hands of John were against it. And it would appear that Mr. Alderman Bennett has more confidence in the hands of John than in the voice of Jacob. The Alderman went further, and indulged in some horribly common-sense remarks about the Parliament from which Miss Lydia Becker and her friends hope so much. "They talked about a Reform Bill," he said, but he requested them "not to believe it." Members, said this cold-blooded Alderman, had had much too much money to pay to sign their own death-warrant so soon. They would want, he thought, to "try their saddles" before they committed political suicide. This was altogether like a man; but, even independently of Miss Becker's spirited rally, the majority of the persons present were in far too good humour to be dashed by the skeleton obtruded so needlessly by Mr. Alderman Bennett. Had they not the House of Keys on their side, and is not the House of Keys probably the most ancient representative body in Her Majesty's dominions? The lock of the voting-booth is already picked by those keys, and the women-voters are only waiting for a few formal preliminaries to rush in and possess it. Besides, a greater than Mr. Alderman Bennett had preceded that depressing magistrate, and had cheered them on to the goal. Mr. Courtney had spoken as, for the matter of that, Mr. Courtney has spoken on the subject many times before. His function, unless we mistake, has usually been to talk out the annual proposals on the subject, so that ignominious defeat should not discourage his clientesses. The dulcet tones of Mr. Courtney on a Wednesday afternoon have before now anticipated the harsh notes of Ben, and have announced six o'clock, and a drawn battle. But on this occasion the member for Liskeard was on his mettle. The Mayor of Manchester had resorted to the arithmetical argument, and had laboured to prove that the more voters the better. Portarlington had about a three-hundredth part of the voters of Lambeth, with one-half the representation. Could anything be more unfair? The bearing of the remark on the question is, to the male mind, vague, being confined apparently to the contention that anything which adds to the constituency is a gain. Women voters would add to the constituency; therefore, &c. But Mr. Courtney, with a frankness which did him honour, and which must have covered the Mayor of Manchester with shame, pointed out that he individually was the representative of a small constituency. It became him, therefore, to make a bold stroke for the purpose of showing his fitness to be a member of Parliament, and a bold stroke he made. It might have been thought that it was impossible for anybody to say anything new on this subject. But "Todgers's can do it when it chooses." Mr. Courtney—let us admit it with a frankness equal to his own—achieved this miraculous feat.

The member for Liskeard, it seems, is troubled, as indeed many other persons who study politics are troubled, by the thought that an increasing instability is being manifested by the constituencies. "Every man," he thinks, "who takes an adequate view of public affairs must feel some anxiety, must experience occasionally some little apprehension, when he sees the too great facility of change of public opinion. When they saw that the verdict of to-day was reversed by the verdict of to-morrow, they could have no faith in the abiding nature of that second verdict, they could not but feel that something was wanted to give greater stability to the public mind." Mr. Courtney has discovered this something. Add to the con-

stituencies a class whose stability is proverbial, whose insensibility to change is one of the axioms of the human race, and the thing is done. The announcement seems to have taken the breath of the Free-trade Hall away, and well it might. Probably the audience thought at first that Mr. Courtney was poking his fun at them, that fun for which he is so deservedly famous. Time was when womankind cherished its right of changing its mind as the dearest jewel of its crown, and now Mr. Courtney tells it to abandon at once the foolish fancy. Woman is not a changeable creature; the only reason why she has been so represented is because the lions have never hitherto been the painters. As for *varium et mutabile semper*, it is a vile calumny. Woman is a creature of rigid consistency, founding all her likes, all her beliefs, all her wishes, on a clear and logical basis, and pursuing her conclusions—there is no doubt about this at any rate—to the very end with unflinching effort. Mr. Courtney *locutus est*, and there is no more to be said in the matter. We must instantly set to work to re-write the shameful texts in which the characteristics of the sex are maligned and misrepresented. The difficulties are indeed great. Will any Girtoneess undertake to adjust to a reasonable *alcaic* scan the words *justam et tenacem propositi mulierem*? We cannot undertake this, but after all it does not matter. If the *alcaics* cannot be got into shape, so much the worse for the *alcaics*. *Alcaeus* was only a man, and did he not receive an admirable castigation from Sappho? Besides, there is precedent for the neglect of metre. When the Jesuits found lines of the classics which justly revolted their notions of morality, they altered them with a noble indifference to results. "Galateum" did duty for "Alexim," and why not "mulierem" for "virum"? Surely a member of the Manchester Society for the Promotion of Women's Suffrage is not to be deprived of privileges accorded to the followers of Loyola? The matter may be considered settled, and an enterprising publisher cannot too soon get ready an edition of the literature of the world, altered in *usum fidelium*. Besides, did not Mr. Cobden make a famous statement about these very classics? What do they matter? It is a case of authority against truth, and, in the end, the great (feminine) truth will undoubtedly prevail. The really inconsistent being is man; indeed his wife frequently tells him so, and she must know. When we have feminine voters there will be no more see-sawing of the constituencies. They will all vote straight, and will abide in that straightness according to the dictates of pure reason. No variability will there be in them, neither shadow of turning, and the member who is once happy enough to receive their suffrages will retain them with a security known at present only to the fortunate holders of University seats.

But Mr. Courtney had not done with his audience even when he had delivered unto them this remarkable paradox. The injurious remarks of the Mayor of Manchester had spurred him up to yet another effort. Indeed the experienced frequenter of the circus knows that when the daring professional has taken four hoops, he or she is almost certain to take five; for art is long, and the ambition of the true artist is insatiable. Before the astonished audience in the Free-Trade Hall had recovered their breath and made up their minds whether they were being flattered or insulted, the encouraging *koup-la* was once more heard, and Paillasse had executed a still more daring feat. "Were the reasoning powers of women intended by the Creator to remain inactive?" asked Mr. Courtney triumphantly; and, as Mr. Justice Maule was not there to make the appropriate answer, he obtained his success unopposed. "Without the assistance of the reasoning powers of women," Mr. Courtney thinks, "men fight the battle of life with one hand tied behind them." Whether Miss Becker felt herself complimented at the notion of her reasoning powers being as yet undeveloped, and requiring the franchise to develop them, we do not know. But Miss Becker is an exception. She is, as a speaker at the Bristol meeting told her audience (with perhaps some forgetfulness of a certain anti-climax about a "great god of war" and a "lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar"), "the great leader of the cause and a four-times-elected member of the School Board of Manchester." To her, therefore, Mr. Courtney's perilous argument cannot be supposed to apply. But in other directions his hint is fully worth working out. It is clear that, in order to carry out the intentions of the Creator in reference to the reasoning powers of women, we must have means; we must keep our precious powder dry. Somebody (Mr. Courtney himself would do it admirably), should write an "*Artis logicæ rudimenta in usum feminarum*." We must apologize for giving an academic tone to this article, but Mr. Courtney himself is nothing if not academic, and our hand is necessarily subdued to what it works in. The treatise, which would be at once welcomed at Girtton and Newnham, would be a most instructive comparative study with Aldrich, or, as we believe the newer curriculum has it, with Professors Jevons and Fowler. As a hint to Mr. Courtney, though it is absurd to suppose that the member for Liskeard wants hints from us, we suggest, as a specimen attempt more particularly, the doctrine of conversion. Hitherto no male being has ever been able to impress on the feminine mind the fact that, if all A is B, all B is not necessarily A. To give an instance, the undoubted fact that all persons who ill-treat their wives are husbands is but too apt to be construed by the reasoning faculties with which the Creator has endowed women as equivalent to the statement that all husbands are persons who ill-treat their wives. Now this of itself opens up a wide prospect for the formal logician of the future. Sir William Hamilton is dead and Professor Mansel is dead. *Morts sont Ogier et Charlemagne.*

But we trust that there are good logical men—and of course women—left in this realm. Will nobody set about the new *Prolegomena Logica*? It is clearly a work of urgency, and should, if possible, precede the arguing out of the thesis that women are certain to add a character of stability to the constituencies and to things in general when they obtain the franchise. For it cannot be doubted that the new principles of argument will render the proving of this point far easier than it would be at present under the foolish rules derived from the study of Aristotle—Aristotle, who, as the famous *Lai* shows, had himself to acknowledge the supremacy of the most charming, most reasonable, and most consistent of sexes. The pretence hand of logic was tried on man—"And then it formed the lasses, O!" But this is ribaldry, and we beg Mr. Courtney's and Miss Becker's pardon for quoting it.

TORPEDOES.

THE art of destroying life makes steady, and sometimes rapid, progress in our days. It is true that in this, as in all other arts, ideal perfection seems unattainable, and that unforeseen difficulties occur to check and harass enthusiastic inventors; but, on the whole, there has been a great advance within a comparatively short space, and no reason can be found for supposing that this advance will not continue. Wonderful, indeed, has been the energy shown in developing what we will venture to call the destructive side of civilization. All methods of taking life have been largely improved, and in nothing perhaps has so much skill and inventiveness been shown by those who labour to produce many deaths as in the construction of torpedoes. Small arms are made more certain, but ingenious tactics are devised to diminish their deadly effect. Artillerists largely increase the power of great guns, but naval architects meet them by increasing the strength of the plates which cover their ships' sides. With respect to torpedoes, however, the progress seems to be all one way. They have apparently been made so formidable that all means of defence are overcome; at least, if any are known, there is certainly the most praiseworthy silence respecting them.

An interesting sketch of the history of these wonderful engines of destruction, and of some of the methods of using them, is given in the current number of the *Nautical Magazine*. What will most strike readers of that article is the wonderfully short space of time within which torpedoes and torpedo boats have been brought to their present state of destructive excellence. The idea of destroying vessels by submerged cans of powder did indeed occur to an inventive mind long ago, as in 1805 Robert Fenton blew up a brig in this way off Walmer Castle; and during the Russian war an attempt was made to use torpedoes against our fleet in the Baltic; but nothing resulted from the experiment, and the attempt was a futile one. We owe these engines, as we owe so many things good and bad, to the Americans; for it was not until the American war that torpedoes were, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Gladstone, brought within the range of practical warfare. The writer in the *Nautical Magazine* briefly describes the destruction of the sloop *Hoosatic* and the ram *Albatross*, which first showed what torpedoes could accomplish. In both these cases, however, the attacking boats were lost, and the first serious efforts to use torpedoes were crude, as first efforts must be even in America. Had hostilities lasted longer more science and skill would have come into play. As the writer pathetically observes:—"Towards the close of the war, arrangements were made on both sides which doubtless would have resulted in a much more extensive use of boats built for the purpose, and with better arrangements for fighting the torpedoes."

Unfortunately peace came and prevented the very interesting experiments which were contemplated from taking place. During the interval between the American Civil War and the Russian contest with Turkey, torpedoes were much improved by pains-taking men, and torpedo boats, properly so called, were invented and constructed with marvellous skill. Nevertheless, when that war came, these engines scarcely did as much harm as had been expected; but it seems clear that this was in no way the fault of the patient thinkers who had devoted themselves to improving the means of drowning their fellow-creatures. The implements provided were good enough, but the workmen did not know how to use them. There was, indeed, a happy exception, as in one case great success was achieved. As must still be well remembered, a large Turkish monitor was blown up on a branch of the Danube by torpedoes. One was exploded under her stern, and another subsequently amidships, and the monitor sank forthwith. In this affair, however, though marvellous courage was displayed by the assailants, they were greatly aided by the almost incredible folly and carelessness of the Turks, who kept so bad a watch that they did not observe the torpedo boats until they were close at hand. It can hardly be supposed that the officers and seamen of any other navy would be so purblind, and the destruction of the Turkish vessel cannot, therefore, be considered to give an example of the manner in which an assailant may hope to use torpedoes in naval warfare. On the other hand, the unsuccessful attempts to use torpedoes made by the Russians during the war cannot be said to prove anything against the fitness of these engines for causing destruction. The writer in the *Nautical Magazine* says:—"Several unsuccessful attacks were on other occasions made, both by means of torpedoes attached to spars and by fish torpedoes. They appear not to have been very skilfully managed, and the circumstances connected with them do not point to any

conclusions adverse to the general efficiency of the weapon." We may add that, in the opinion of those who ought to be best able to judge, the unsuccessful attacks in no way proved that torpedoes are likely to be other than formidable. As is well known, the Russian Government has caused a large number of torpedo-boats to be constructed, and it is clear that great faith is felt, by those who are best informed, in the efficacy of the last engine of destruction which the wit of man has devised. In all probability their faith is well justified, for, if the difficulties of managing the terrible fish torpedo have been overcome, and if it is now possible to launch it from a considerable distance against a vessel with a fair likelihood of hitting her, it is hard to see what chance war-ships will have in an attack on a harbour or in an engagement in smooth water. This and the other two kinds of torpedoes which are likely to be formidable in aggressive operations are briefly but clearly described in the *Nautical Magazine*. Besides the elaborate engine named above, there are spar and towing torpedoes. The first is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to give any account of it. The torpedo is placed at the end of a spar projecting from the bows of a boat, and is rammed against the ship's side, which it shatters by its explosion. Although attacks with this weapon have, as has been shown, been successful, it is doubtful whether it is likely to be of much use in future warfare. The danger to those who man the boat which carries it is beyond all other dangers even in a naval engagement, and the most perfect coolness and steadiness are necessary in directing the attack. Dare-devils are generally to be found, but men who unite utter recklessness of life with perfectly calm judgment are, in all armies and navies, sufficiently rare. It is further to be observed, that the Nordenförlt gun will probably be found extremely efficacious against spar torpedo-boats, and probably achievements with these weapons will not be numerous in any future war. Of the towing torpedo not much appears to be known at present, and from what is known it seems doubtful whether it is likely to be formidable except when handled with very great skill. It is to the fish torpedo that scientific sailors look for the defence of harbours and the destruction of fleets. The best kind of fish torpedo is the Whitehead, as need hardly be said, and though this has often been described, we will give the account of it which appears in the *Nautical Magazine*, as it sums up very tersely but very clearly what is known respecting the terrible engine of destruction. It is as follows:—

The Whitehead torpedo is cigar-shaped, its shell being made of steel. It is divided into three compartments; the foremost one contains the charge of gun-cotton, which is put in just before it is used. The bulk of the cotton is wet, but is fired by means of a portion of dry gun-cotton, which is ignited by a detonating fuse when the torpedo strikes the enemy. The tail part is filled with compressed air, which furnishes the motive force, and the middle compartment contains the engine, by means of which the motive power is supplied to the two screw propellers which work in opposite directions, and thus secure the "fish" travelling in a direct line. The pressure of the air is as much as 1,000 lbs. per square inch, and the quantity carried in the full-sized torpedoes will propel them 1,000 yards at a speed equal to 16 knots per hour. . . . Good practice has been made with the Whitehead, up to and in some cases beyond a range of 600 yards. Its reliable range, however, may be put down as about 450 yards. The average weight of the Whitehead torpedo is about 520 lbs., and each one costs 350*l*.

What a tremendous weapon this is need not be pointed out. But the most powerful weapon may be of little avail unless there are fit means for using it, and with regard to torpedoes this fact seems to have been thoroughly appreciated, as the highest skill has been devoted to the design and construction of the vessels which are to carry them. Nine years ago the well-known launch-builders, Messrs. Thornycroft of Chiswick, showed what speed could be attained by small vessels, and in 1873, according to the *Nautical Magazine*, they constructed the first high-speed torpedo-launch. Her pace was fourteen knots, which seemed marvellous at the time, but, as we need hardly say, has been far surpassed since. After building this boat, Messrs. Thornycroft constructed others for the Swedish, Danish, Austrian, and French Governments, constructing for the last-named two admirable vessels which had a speed of over eighteen knots an hour, and were good enough as sea boats to steam from Dover to Cherbourg. In 1877, four years after the first torpedo launch had been set afloat, our Government awoke to the fact that these marvellous little craft were likely to be of some service in warfare, and the *Lightning* was built for the Admiralty. By a misprint apparently, she is described in the *Nautical Magazine* as having a speed of ten knots. Unless we are mistaken, she can steam at nearly twice this pace; but her speed has been surpassed by vessels more recently built. Altogether twelve torpedo launches have been constructed by Messrs. Thornycroft for the Admiralty, and it is stated that "in the latest a speed of twenty-two knots per hour has been obtained, with about 450 indicated horse-power, on a displacement of thirty tons." How extraordinary such a speed is need scarcely be said. Nothing in the annals of modern naval architecture is more remarkable than the rapid development of this type of vessel. If a few years ago any shipbuilder had talked of constructing a launch of thirty tons which would steam at the rate of more than twenty-five miles an hour, he would have been looked upon as a lunatic.

With one exception, all the large torpedo boats belonging to the English navy are fitted to carry the Whitehead torpedo, and very deadly antagonists will such vessels be to ironclads in smooth water. As has been shown, the Whitehead is supposed to be effective within a range of 450, and sometimes of 600, yards. At these distances the torpedo boat will present but a very small mark to the ironclad, and the marvellous rapidity of her move-

ments will make the hitting her a matter of extreme difficulty. Naval gunners in these days can achieve a great deal, but—at night, at all events—it will tax their highest skill to hit a tiny vessel which is rushing through the water at the pace of a locomotive. If the Whitehead can be trusted to travel straight, it seems clear that an ironclad attacked in calm weather by several torpedo-boats will very possibly be sunk, in spite of watertight bulkheads innumerable in her hold. Whether the Whitehead can with certainty be sent absolutely straight does not seem to be quite clear; but, if all difficulties have not been surmounted, they will probably be surmounted before long, and very possibly the range will be increased. In rough weather torpedo-boats may not be of much use; but in smooth water they will be terrible enemies to a fleet attacking a port, or even perhaps to a blockading squadron.

Considering how much damage these viperous little craft are likely to do in war, it is decidedly unsatisfactory to find that we possess but a small number of them as compared with other nations. Of what the writer in the *Nautical Magazine* calls first-class torpedo boats—i.e. torpedo boats not carried on board ships of war—England possesses but nineteen. Russia is said to have a hundred, and France has fifty; so that we lag very far behind; and this is greatly to be regretted, as, in the event of a war, a fleet of torpedo boats could not be improvised. Of smaller torpedo boats, on the other hand, we have a fair number, as it is intended that most of our large vessels shall carry one or more of them. Some of these vessels can indeed use torpedoes without the aid of boats, as they are fitted with ports for the Whitehead; and one ship, the *Hecla*, is to fight entirely with these weapons. The extraordinary *Polyphemus*, intended to act as a torpedo ship and ram, and differing from any other war vessel yet built, will shortly be afloat. If, then, in one respect we are behind, on the whole we are fairly prepared with the means of using the remarkable weapon which modern science has devised.

That one of the principal results of modern science should be the production of marvellous implements of destruction is certainly not a very agreeable fact. A Government must of course accept powerful weapons of offence and defence which are offered to it, and when these are invented by soldiers or sailors whose duty it is to add in every way to the means of defence their country possesses, there is nothing to which even a humanitarian can object. They are indeed to be respected for the performance of an obvious duty. It is difficult to admire too highly such a man as Sir George Sartorius, who fought at Trafalgar and now suggests the *Polyphemus*. But the case seems different when civilians of great ability set to work to perfect elaborate engines of destruction, not for the purpose of defending their own country, but in order to sell them to any Government which likes to buy them. This may be a perfectly legitimate result of scientific knowledge and commercial principles, but nevertheless the spectacle of men thus engaged is not a pleasant one.

COPYRIGHT.

WE took occasion more than two years ago to call attention to the Report of the Copyright Commission appointed in 1876 by the late Government, which has not however as yet been made the basis of any fresh legislation. The subject is one of permanent and not inconsiderable interest, not only to the large and growing class of authors of all kinds but also to the general public, and we need make no apology for returning to it, even though under existing circumstances there may seem to be no immediate prospect of Parliamentary action being taken. This is just one of the cases where the public mind requires to be educated, and a juster and more general appreciation of the defects and inequalities of the existing law must eventually lead to the reform which is so urgently needed. As regards the abstract question, the extremest view on the one side was represented by Sir Louis Mallet, who dissented from the judgment of his fellow Commissioners, and maintained in a separate Report of his own the somewhat startling paradox that the claim to copyright rests on no solid foundation at all, that it is conceded solely in the interests of a class, and, by tending to restrict the supply of literature, is in direct conflict with the interests of society. He even considered the objection to taking away an author's copyright during his lifetime "a purely sentimental" one. We pointed out at the time that Sir L. Mallet was at fault alike in his facts and in his reasonings, and it is not necessary to repeat the refutation here. A writer in the current number of *Macmillan* maintains the opposite theory—for which he claims the support of such high authorities as Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. W. Longman, Professor Huxley, and Professor Tyndall—that there is no more ground either in justice or public policy for limiting property in literary production than for limiting any other kind of property, and that copyright should accordingly be universal both in time and place; that it should, i.e. be perpetual in time and should extend to all civilized countries throughout the world. This view is at least more plausible than the opposite one; there can indeed be little doubt that Mr. Grant Allen is right in principle on the latter point, and the Report accordingly insisted on the possibility and propriety of establishing an International Copyright Convention with America. That however is a part of the matter the settlement of which does not lie entirely within our own control. The Commissioners, with the exception of

Sir Louis Mallet, took for granted the wisdom and necessity of legal security for copyright, and concerned themselves only with considering the imperfections of the existing law and the best methods of amending them. The actual law, though it is scattered over fourteen Acts of Parliament, was thrown into its present shape in 1842, and guarantees to an author the copyright in his works for forty-two years after the date of publication, or for seven years after his death, whichever period happens to expire last. It may be worth while briefly to recall the proceedings which resulted in this decision.

In 1814 the term of copyright had been fixed at twenty-eight years from the date of publication, so that it might easily expire during an author's lifetime, and the copyright of *Waverley*—as Miss Martineau pointed out—was in fact just about to expire at a time when its writer's family stood most in need of the honourable provision which his splendid array of works would have supplied to them. Wordsworth wrote poetry for fifty years with hardly any pecuniary remuneration. At the end of that time the sale of his works, under the amended law of 1842, began to bring him in about 300*l.* a year, and it is reckoned that it would now bring in about 1,000*l.* a year; but, with the exception of his latest composition, the *Prelude*, the copyright of all his writings has expired. Southey had given it to be understood that in the then state of the law he should undertake no more important works. Mr. Carlyle took a stronger step. He presented a petition to the House of Commons, setting forth his literary labours, from which he had as yet received no pecuniary recompense, and adding that such recompense would probably come, if at all, after his own death, but when those dear to him were still in need of it, and he therefore petitioned the House "to forbid extraneous persons, entirely unconcerned in this adventure of his, to steal from him his small winnings, for a space of sixty years after his death at the shortest. After sixty years, unless your Honourable House provide otherwise, they may begin to steal." If there was one member of Parliament rather than another who might have been expected to recognize the force of such an appeal it was Macaulay. But when in 1841 Sergeant Talfourd introduced a bill in accordance with Mr. Carlyle's wishes, Macaulay induced the House of Commons to reject it, and the mover not unnaturally complained that "literature's own familiar friend, in whom she trusted, and who had eaten of her bread, had lifted up his heel against her." Next year Lord Mahon introduced a Bill extending the time, not to 60, but to 25 years after an author's death. This modified proposal Macaulay again opposed, partly on the abstract and very questionable ground that all property is a creation of law, instead of being merely guaranteed and protected by it, partly on the strength of an ingenious but arbitrary hypothesis—for which he cited various detailed examples, chiefly from Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden—that an author's latest works are almost invariably his best, and it is therefore for the public interest that the time of copyright should date from the publication of a work, not from the death of the writer. His enormous memory might readily have supplied him with an at least equally copious list of authors—like Charles Dickens—whose earliest works were confessedly among their best, not to add that many critics would dispute some of his literary judgments, e.g. on Milton's works; but he had taken up a theory, capable in his hands of brilliant and plausible advocacy, and unfortunately the House adopted it too, and fixed the existing law according to his suggestions. And whether or not we argue with Mr. Herbert Spencer for perpetuity of copyright, there can be no doubt that the guarantee of the existing law is a most inadequate one. It may be quite intelligibly argued that "the family of Milton or of Locke deserve as much from us as the family of Marlborough," whereas in fact the former derive no benefit from the labours of their ancestors and the latter enjoy in perpetuity a national pension of 4,000*l.* But at all events, when Mr. H. Spencer pointed out to the Commission of 1876 that after fifteen years' labour in philosophical writings he has been an actual loser to the extent of 1,500*l.* and at the end of twenty-four years had only just retrieved his position, he made out a strong case against a system which, had he died ten years ago, might have deprived his representatives of any profit from his extensive literary labours.

It is certainly mere matter of common justice that a man who devotes himself to authorship should be allowed to reap the pecuniary fruit of his labours rather than mere strangers. In France, Russia, Spain, and Portugal, the term of copyright is fixed at fifty years after the author's death; the Bill defeated by Lord Macaulay in 1841 would have fixed it, in accordance with Mr. Carlyle's petition, at sixty years; the Commissioners of 1876 suggest thirty years as the limit. That the only ground for limiting it at all, and therefore for the due measure of its limitation, must be sought in the real or supposed interests of the public is obvious enough. And it is by no means clear that in this matter the interests of authors and readers are so sharply opposed as is often apt to be assumed. Experience shows that it generally pays the author or owner of a successful work to publish cheap editions of it while his copyright still survives, and moreover it is well worth bearing in mind that, when once the copyright has expired the public has no security whatever for well edited editions of a book. Thus e.g. the first edition of Hallam's *Constitutional History*—a very defective and erroneous one—on the expiry of the copyright was at once reprinted by an adventurous publisher and sold to unwary customers as the genuine work. Or, to take an example cited before the Royal

Commission, editions of Wordsworth's Poetical Works are now on sale, as though complete, with the *Prelude* omitted, of which his heirs still retain the copyright. Macaulay argued with a somewhat far-fetched ingenuity that if copyright was permanent, the *Pilgrim's Progress* might become the property of a High Churchman who would feel bound to suppress it altogether. Under the existing law however the *Pilgrim's Progress* has actually been, not suppressed but "adapted" in his own sense by a High Church editor, whose procedure might perhaps have proved even more displeasing to John Bunyan than suppression. Similar mutilations of other works, especially of popular hymns, whether on some fixed principle or from mere carelessness or caprice, are notoriously common enough. Complaints, for instance, have already been made of the *Christian Year* being tampered with in editions published during the last few years since the copyright expired, and in ways affecting not merely the rhythm but the doctrinal sense of the original. As regards the commercial side of the question, Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown it to be fairly arguable that with a permanent and international copyright books would become cheaper than at present, nor should it be forgotten that whatever tends to improve the condition of authors must conduce in the long run to the advancement of literature. We are not however dogmatizing here on the permanence or the precise duration of copyright; we are simply insisting that the present term is at all events much too short a one and ought to be extended in the interest alike of the author and of the public. And this construction is distinctly borne out by the verdict of the Royal Commission of 1876, whether or not their proposal for extension be deemed a sufficient one.

There are two special applications of the principle, noticed in separate sections of the Report, on which we have not left ourselves space to dwell at length here. But it must be acknowledged that, if the existing system of copyright is altogether inadequate and unsatisfactory, the grievance presses with exceptional severity on dramatic authors and on artists, as well from the confusion and uncertainty of the law as from its positive injustice. As regards dramatic works and the dramatization of novels the author's rights are either ignored or are involved in hopeless perplexity, while artists have no rights at all—unless by express stipulation—over pictures or statues they have once sold. The remedy, however, suggested by the Commissioners in this last case would be almost worse than the disease. Sir James Stephen argues oddly enough that there ought to be no copyright in pictures or statues; and the Report, while recognizing the necessity of some definite settlement and admitting that artists are unanimous in desiring to have the copyright reserved to themselves, nevertheless advises, with a strange perversity, that it should be vested not in the author but in the purchaser. This recommendation is the more surprising as the Commissioners propose to remedy the anomalies and injustice of the present law in its bearing on dramatic works and dramatized novels by securing the rights of the authors. It is much to be desired that the whole question should be brought at the earliest date practicable under the notice of the Legislature with a view to the thorough revision of the existing law.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE Cattle Show which has been held at Islington this week differs from its predecessors in one very important particular; it is to a much larger extent an exhibition of young stock. There are classes for all the precocious breeds, and those breeds are beyond all precedent well represented. It is probable that consumers, being every year more and more collected together in towns, and consequently living less in the open air and taking less violent exercise, may have lost the taste for very fat meat. If this be so, it would be natural that feeders should accommodate themselves to the altered taste, and should produce for the market younger, juicier, and less obese animals. But, though we do not deny the possible influence of this new fashion, we are inclined to think that the real operating cause of the change is different. For a long time after the adoption of free trade, grazing farmers were under the impression that they were safe from foreign competition. A certain number of fat oxen, indeed, were imported into London, principally from Holland, Holstein, and Jutland; but these were only just sufficient to prevent any formidable attempt at competition. At length, however, the construction of cheap railways abroad, more particularly in America, the multiplication of steam shipping, the progress of mechanical invention, the accumulation of wealth, making it possible for new communities to improve the breeds of their flocks and herds, the steady growth of demand at home, and the stationariness of the native supply, made competition possible in this branch of agriculture as in others. We have seen the dead meat trade from the United States within the past few years assuming considerable proportions, and we have also seen a large importation of live cattle. Those who have studied the subject on the spot are of opinion that the trade is only in its infancy, that it is capable of very great development, and that men of enterprise and ingenuity, with any amount of capital that may be required ready to be placed at their disposal, are devoting their attention to that development. Where the United States lead the way there are countless imitators prepared to follow. Thus the grazing farmers now find themselves threatened with the same

fierce competition to which the tillage farmers have long been exposed. Obviously, if they are to hold their own, they must rouse themselves out of the routine they have hitherto followed. While the population of the country has been growing so fast, while wealth has been accumulating, and wages rising so rapidly that classes which formerly never touched meat are now good customers of the butcher, the farmers have not altogether kept pace with the times. In consequence, the supply of meat, even though supplemented from abroad, has fallen short of the demand, with the result that prices have steadily risen until checked by the recent severe depression. Evidently, if this state of things continues, a premium is offered to the foreign importer. So long as wealth and population increase in this country, stimulating the consumption of meat, the only check that can be imposed upon importation must proceed from the British farmers themselves. They must not only make it their business to provide the requisite supply, but they must furnish it at a price lower than will pay the foreign importer. If they cannot do that, they in effect offer a premium to the foreign importer. And the higher the price rises above the point that will pay the importer, the greater the premium. The real problem before the British farmer, then, is to reduce the cost of production, or, in other words, to cheapen the rearing and fattening of cattle. There are various ways in which this may be done, and one of them is to shorten the period over which the process extends. Just as every year that wine is kept augments its cost, so the older a beast is when brought to the shambles the more it costs. The direct outlay upon it is larger, and so is the interest of the money expended. The change which is passing over British cattle-farming, of which we have had visible demonstration this week at Islington in the precocity of the breeds and the youth of the beasts exhibited, shows that our farmers are coming to recognize the new conditions under which their business must be carried on. It remains to be proved by experience whether precocity is in actual fact as economical as in theory it appears to be. It may be, for instance, that animals which fatten while they are yet immature are more delicate than the slower-growing breeds and more liable to disease, and that, if the system were adopted generally, they would suffer from so much higher a rate of mortality as to neutralize the advantage which precocity undoubtedly gives. It will probably be found that the new fashion, if it prevails, will involve an abandonment of much of the old unscientific system of cattle-farming; that is to say, the land of the country will not be laid down in grass upon which the cattle will be turned out to feed as if we were still in the nomad state, but cattle will be scientifically fed under cover that will protect them from the inclemencies of the weather.

However things may ultimately turn out in this respect, the Show at Islington this week has given no reason to doubt the wisdom of the change that is going on. There were no monsters of fat, but the beasts exhibited were highly fed and of excellent quality. In this latter point the Show leaves nothing to be desired. In another respect it was less satisfactory. It was very scanty. There were, for example, only 207 entries of cattle, against 239 last year; and only 138 pens of sheep, against 150 last year; but there were 52 pens of pigs, against 50 last year. The falling-off is not due to want of encouragement, for the prizes offered exceeded 3,000*l*. Partly it was caused by the limit of age imposed, partly by renewed apprehensions of disease; but chiefly, we are afraid, by the widespread agricultural distress. Grazing counties, it is true, have not generally suffered as much as the tillage counties, although it is to be borne in mind that the excessive wet, the absence of sunshine, and the dreary cold of 1879 bred an epidemic among sheep which caused disastrous losses, and fully accounts for the decrease in the numbers exhibited. Cattle farmers, no doubt, have not suffered so much either as flock-masters or as tillage farmers; yet even they have felt the bad times, and their landlords have had to complain of vacant farms and of the abatements they have had to make to tenants. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the number of persons willing to undergo the cost of rearing and feeding animals for exhibition should be growing less and less. Nor is this perhaps so unsatisfactory a symptom as at first sight it may appear. Practically, an exhibitor must begin to prepare the animals he intends to exhibit from their very birth, and must relax none of his attention while they are being reared and fed. The animals must be of good breed, or the whole thing is waste of time and money; and they must be absolutely without blemish. It certainly is no cause for wonder that the experience of the past two years has damped the courage of farmers who otherwise might have exhibited. It is rather a matter for congratulation that so many have persevered to the end. Fluctuations of this kind would be of little permanent significance if the flocks and herds of the country were increasing; but, unfortunately, that is not so. The agricultural returns noticed by us two months ago prove, indeed, a decrease in milch cows, and only a slight increase in cattle for feeding. And, if we go back ten years, we find the increase inconsiderable, especially when we bear in mind the great addition made in the interval to the land laid down in permanent pasture. This is the really unwholesome symptom of our agriculture. Except when extreme depression of trade and foreign competition combined to break down the market, prices have been very high during the past ten years, and there was thus a strong inducement to augment production. At the same time a

large increase was made in the acreage of permanent pasture, and yet the addition to our herds is trifling. We admit, of course, that breeds were improved, but certainly not to the extent to which they were improved in the United States. It would seem to follow, therefore, that, in spite of the inducement held out in the form of high prices for the past quarter of a century—inducement which has proved strong enough to stimulate American feeders to devise means of supplying the English market—the requisite amount of new capital has not been invested in cattle-farming at home to turn to account the addition made to the grazing land, or, if the new capital was invested, it has not been directed by adequate skill. We have in England such a superabundance of loanable capital seeking investment, that for many years past capitalists have been complaining that they knew not what to do with the funds at their disposal. Why is it that some part of these funds has not gone into cattle-farming, if there really has been a deficiency of capital? And if it is skill that has been lacking, how is it that of all English industries farming alone should be deficient in skill? These questions are well deserving the careful consideration of the landed interest.

The Scotch cattle exhibited at Islington were less numerous than those at the Birmingham Show, where they formed almost half of the entries, and carried off nearly all the prizes open to them; but in proportion to their numbers they were scarcely less successful. The fact is another proof of the good seasons with which Scotland has been favoured during the past two years, and of the consequent prosperity of her agriculture. While in England sheep were dying last winter by hundreds of thousands from "fluke," induced by excessive wet, in Scotland there was no such disease, and the crops, too, were fairly good. This year, again, has been one of the best, north of the Tweed, that have been known for a generation. The only fault that could be found with it, indeed, was that there was not enough of rain. The result has been that Scotch agriculture has not been tried as English agriculture has, and that Scotch farmers have had the courage to send their cattle to English shows, and have been rewarded by a large measure of success. That dependence upon the weather of which we have here again an illustration is, no doubt, a peculiar difficulty of agriculture. The manufacturer has to some small extent the same difficulty to contend with, as he usually gets his raw material from agriculture; but even when this is so, he is generally able to recoup himself by raising the price of his goods. As a rule, too, the markets of the world being open to him, and the raw material constituting but a small portion of his cost, he is no worse off than his foreign competitors. But under free trade the farmer has to bear the greater part, if not the whole, of the loss caused by bad seasons. There is not, therefore, the same scope for foresight, calculation, and skill in farming as in trade. Do what he will, the agriculturist is far more helpless in face of the elements than the merchant and trader.

THE THEATRES.

THE welcome return of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to the Haymarket Theatre has not been marked by any new production. The late Mr. Robertson's play *School* was successful in their last season and is successful still. It is not the best of the author's plays in constructive skill, having been grafted from a German to an English soil, with the result of the process involving some incongruities in spite of the dramatist's skill. It would be easy enough to hold up a great deal of the piece to the ridicule of readers; more easy perhaps than to explain exactly its influence upon spectators. The play has some capital faults, the worst of which artistically is perhaps the cruel suspense in which old Farintosh is kept in the last scene in consequence of his nephew, Lord Beaufoy's, resentment of the unjust, but thoroughly natural, suspicion with which he finds himself regarded. But it must be remembered that, on a first hearing at least, Farintosh's suspense is shared by the audience, and that to keep an audience in interested suspense is one of a dramatist's most legitimate and most useful expedients. Probably the simplest and the truest explanation of the success of this and others of Mr. Robertson's comedies is that he knew the stage thoroughly. He had gauged the capabilities of his interpreters and of his listeners; he knew what effects would be on the one hand best given, on the other best received; and he knew how to lead up to these effects without making them seem hurried or thrust in merely for the sake of effect. Above all, he managed to give a human interest to his work, which will, to our thinking, save it from the extinction which some critics have foreseen for it. He dealt with a particular period and phase of manners, and in putting this on the stage, he sometimes exaggerated, sometimes misrepresented, and sometimes made blunders; but his personages had, for the most part, a real likeness to humanity underlying, and being of more import than, the trappings, whether of dress or manner, which they happened to wear. Take, for instance, the love scene between Lord Beaufoy and Bella in *School*. Its delicious inanity is closely connected, in the form of words which it takes, with a particular habitude of manner; but the feeling of the scene is not more true to one period than to another; and when well acted, as it now is, it pleases just as much on the third or fourth repetition as it did when first produced. The contention that real emotion, struggling bashfully with habitual restraint and assumption of indifference, can be confined to any particular

period, does not, on the face of it, carry conviction. The well-known amateur of the drama who a few years since published a monograph on Robertson hit a truth which was perhaps obscured by the startling comparisons in which in the course of his work he indulged. The success of Robertson's plays is surely due to the fact that he knew what sentiments would be recognized as true to nature by the whole of his audience; and that, being a practised playwright, he knew how to express these sentiments in the best way both for his actors and for his audiences. As the writer to whom we have referred said, "The theoretical critic who believes in nothing but physical action and anecdotic plot is puzzled when he encounters a piece like *School*, absolutely without story, which had one of the greatest runs on record, and has to confess that there may be more things in art than are dreamt of in his philosophy." The same writer goes on to observe that in Robertson's social life comedies what was remarkable was, "not that he failed in exactly depicting its usages, but that he so far succeeded—and when he fails, it is often in compliance with some stage effect." Probably most of our readers are tolerably well acquainted with the play of *School*, and we need not add any detailed account of the particular piece to these general remarks on the author's method.

As at present performed at the Haymarket the piece goes, if possible, better than before. Mrs. Bancroft's delightful rendering of Naomi Tighe seems, if anything, to have gained in brightness. Mr. Bancroft's Jack Poyntz, Mr. Conway's Beaufoy, and Mr. Kemble's Dr. Sutcliffe have all their old attractions; and in Mr. Kemble's case there is, it seems to us, here and there a decided improvement. Mrs. Canninge and Miss Marion Terry play as well as formerly the parts of Mrs. Sutcliffe and Bella, and Miss Terry's graceful and interesting performance suffers only from an occasional excess of slowness. A new and markedly successful feature in the cast is Mr. Brookfield's acting of Krux. In Mr. Brookfield's hands Krux becomes for the first time a personage who seems at once life-like in himself and not out of keeping with the rest of the play. The notion of meanness and cruelty suggested insensibly by the actor's original and very ingenious make-up and costume is never lost sight of and never unduly obtruded throughout the course of the play. It is conveyed in every intonation, look, and gesture. Mr. Brookfield has now got rid of the constraint of action which on former occasions sometimes stood in his way, and he seems to have learnt completely the difficult art of standing still while he listens to the conversations of other people with an air of naturalness. His walk is throughout characteristic, and his run up the steps at sight of the indignant Doctor's uplifted stick is irresistibly comic without being overdone. We have kept to the last a renewed expression of our admiration for Mr. Arthur Cecil's acting throughout the piece, and especially in the last act, where the old man, having thrown off his foppish assumption of youth, bursts into a storm of conflicting emotion which is the more pathetic by reason of its helplessness.

School is preceded by *The Vicarage*, a piece adapted from, or rather founded on, M. Feuillet's *Le Village*, by Mr. Clement Scott. The piece has some obvious faults, which we pointed out when it was first produced, and need not now recur to. It is remarkable as giving the three principal actors concerned in it an opportunity of displaying a versatility which is not too common an accomplishment. There are few actresses capable of performing the feat performed by Mrs. Bancroft of appearing in this piece as an old country vicar's wife, quiet and gentle in nature and manner, who is happy in having no interest beyond the joys and woes of the people immediately around her; of appearing in the next piece as a light-hearted, pert, and charming school-girl, and of playing both parts as well as one can imagine their being played. Mr. Bancroft, who appears for the first time as George Clarke, the vicar's travelled friend, has an unusually difficult part to play. It is not only that Clarke is an entirely different personage from Jack Poyntz, but that the good traits which he displays at the end of the piece are heavily discounted by the extraordinary ill-breeding attributed to him at the beginning. In dealing with this part Mr. Bancroft shows, as he has shown on other occasions, that he has a distinct power of impersonation, and he manages to make the amazing remarks put into the traveller's mouth concerning his host's entertainment as little startling as may be. Mr. Cecil's Noel Haygarth is a very delicate and life-like performance, and Mr. Stewart Dawson's quiet and clever acting as the old butler is highly commendable.

At the St. James's Theatre a version by Mr. Coghlan of M. Octave Feuillet's *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* has been produced under the not very appropriate title of *Good Fortune*. Two former versions of the French play have been put upon the London stage, as to one only of which, *A Hero of Romance*, we can speak from experience. This was arranged by Dr. Westland Marston for Mr. Sothorn, whose talent was not perhaps seen at its best in the part of the hero. But, although there was not so much "smart" writing in Dr. Westland Marston's version as in Mr. Coghlan's, it was, to our thinking, at once better written and better adapted to stage purposes. In Mr. Coghlan's piece the old man upon whose tardy repentance the hero's restoration to his lost fortune turns, is a personage who is a good deal talked about, but never seen, and the adapter has provided a new catastrophe which is not particularly fortunate. The virtue of the hero's flinging into the fire the letter in which his employer confesses that, if right were done, his estate would belong to the hero, is unhappily discounted by the fact that the document has

not, for anything that we could discover in the dialogue, one shred of legal value. If Lord Neath, masquerading as Mr. Denis, had, after reading the letter, followed up his not unnatural desire to claim, and belief that he could claim, the estate, the people to whom he applied might have met him with an acknowledgment that the letter seemed on the face of it to be genuine, but also with a question as to what kind of use he proposed to make of it. No doubt the feeling which prompted Mr. Denis to destroy the letter was chivalrous enough in all conscience; but, for all practical purposes, what he threw into the fire might as well have been an unpaid bill. As there is a want of purpose and motive here, so is there at other important points of the piece. The brief reference given by Isabel Ransome to hints which have been heard by her, but scarcely, if at all, heard by the audience, cannot make her suspicion of the hero's conduct seem anything but gross and unnatural. Her jumping to the conclusion that Denis has purposely contrived their being left alone together, locked up in a ruined castle at nightfall, is, as presented in the play, utterly unaccountable, and serves to accentuate the unpleasant qualities of a part which has but too little relief in the first act. The same want of skilful arrangement militates against the notion sought to be conveyed in the first act that Mr. Denis is a person of Orlington-like accomplishments. His sketches are dragged in by the head and shoulders, and his offer to play the piano seems a trifle forced. The suggestion of his riding and vanquishing a nasty-tempered horse is managed much as it was in the play in which Mr. Sothorn appeared, but seems to miss the sense of excitement which was then imparted to it. Again, the strong scene in the second act in which the governess makes love to the hero, is modified in a way which is more ingenious than successful. The lines are in their way admirably written; the suggestion is made quite plainly enough for those who already know the story, but not, we think, plainly enough for any playgoer who has still to find out what is the exact course of the play. As to the "smart" writing to which reference has been made, it is less fortunate than might have been anticipated from Mr. Coghlan's experience. There are, no doubt, stupid, selfish, and heartless young men of all ranks of life in the world; but it is simply ridiculous to represent one young man saying to another who has been his friend, and who, as he knows, is ruined, "I should like to do something for you. Have a weed? It's a good 'un, and there are only two left, so you can't say I'm mean." This sentence, the words of which we quote from memory, is uttered by Mr. Tom Bolger; but the whole part of Sir George Fallow is made up of sentences, if possible, yet more astonishing. His manners resemble closely those of the fellow-commoner who figures in the ridiculous book called *Julian Home*. The acting of the piece makes one wish all the more that the play were better. Mrs. Kendal, heavily weighted as she is with an unnatural and unattractive character, makes the very most that can be made of the lighter passages, and acts admirably in the more emotional parts. Mr. Kendal's character is at least consistent in its impossibility, and he plays it with grace and fire. Mr. Clayton seems to have been not unnaturally puzzled by the outrageous part provided for him, and has taken possibly the best course that he could take in strongly accenting its peculiarities. Mrs. Stephens is as usual inimitably funny as Lady Banks, Miss Linda Dietz plays Miss Somers with considerable skill, and Miss B. Buckstone and Master McConnell act two children's parts capitally. But the whole effect of the piece is neither exciting nor pleasing.

The run upon Mr. Booth's performance of Richelieu has for the present interfered with his original intention of not appearing in any one part for more than a fortnight together; but it is greatly to be hoped that it will not prevent him from exhibiting his powers in a varied range of parts before he leaves us.

REVIEWS.

YOUNG IRELAND.*

THE original proprietor and editor of the *Nation*, which was the organ of the party once known as "Young Ireland," records, with an enthusiasm unabated by years or variety of political experience, the early efforts of himself and his associates. Sir Charles Duffy has many qualifications for his task. With great ability and much literary experience he combines an earnest belief in the justice of his cause; and it may be added that he always writes in the language and the spirit of a gentleman. His invective is seldom personal, and he never condescends to coarseness or buffoonery. Although it is impossible that any loyal Englishman should accept his conclusions, his statements are never wilfully inaccurate, and his arguments are often forcible. That Ireland has often been treated with injustice is undeniable; but that it should be constituted into an independent and probably hostile State is not an admissible inference. The issue which Sir C. Duffy raises must ultimately be decided by a comparison, though not necessarily by a conflict, of forces. One part of the book may be read even by opponents with almost unmixed pleasure. The contributors to the *Nation* were at the commencement of their enterprise all under the age of thirty; and congenial disposi-

tions, still further harmonized by a common task, united them in warm youthful friendship. Like all other societies of the same age and character, they by common consent elected one of themselves to be their leader and hero. Their historian believes as implicitly in his later age as in his youth, that Thomas Davis was a man of genius; and perhaps he may be right. His zealous loyalty to the memory of his friend finds repeated and eloquent expression in all parts of his work, and especially when he recalls his own profound sorrow for his death. It can scarcely be admitted that Davis's character and achievements entitled him to the attribute of greatness. At most, he was one of "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown"; and his early death saved him from participation in the ignominious failure of a mischievous and hopeless enterprise. If he had lived three or four years longer, he would have engaged in the rebellion which he had from his entrance into political life done his utmost to promote. It is impossible not to sympathize with Sir Charles Duffy's personal attachment; and it is an open question whether disinterested enthusiasm redeems from censure a fundamental mistake in a political career. There is no reason to doubt the justice of Sir C. Duffy's tribute to the moral elevation of the young confederates. "The passion for liberty had burned up the trivialities of youth, and cleared their lives of foppery and licentiousness." A whimsical protest against the charge that they were a "mutual admiration society" cannot be unconditionally admitted. All similar bodies are liable to the imputation; and the Young Irelanders might be excused for overrating one another's contributions to the common enterprise. Knots of clever young men are always sanguine of a success which seems to be due to the merits of themselves and their friends; but they seldom have the opportunity of believing on plausible grounds that they are the principal agents of national regeneration. The extracts from their occasional private correspondence on personal topics are fresh and natural, but in no way remarkable. The still fewer quotations from the verses of the *Nation* bear little trace of poetical faculty. The temporary and partial success which was achieved by the Tyrtauses of Repeal might be described in the words of a perhaps invidious criticism on a German poet and patriot. Körner, it was said, hobbled on to immortality like a lame duck, on one leg and one wing, as a versifier and a soldier. Some members of the body might perhaps have become great if they had been favoured by fortune; and all Sir C. Duffy's early assistants in the conduct of the *Nation* appear to have been unselfish and sincere. The present volume ends with the death of Davis, on the eve of the collapse of the Repeal Association, and of the succession of the Young Ireland party to the conduct of the agitation on the retirement of its founder and leader. There had for some time been strong feelings of irritation between the two sections of Repealers; and Davis had on more than one occasion come into direct collision with O'Connell. The Irish leader had, according to Sir C. Duffy, fallen under the influence of his son, John O'Connell, who hoped, like Garibaldi's sons, to succeed to the position of his father. The tendency of the profession of agitator to become hereditary is a curious illustration of the natural family ambition which is denounced by democrats and socialists. The remaining volume is to record the conspiracy and the abortive insurrection which were the consequences of the teaching of the *Nation*. Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher will probably occupy in its pages the position which had been vacated by Davis. It is to be hoped that Sir C. Duffy will provide his readers with an index, and that he will condescend to the ignorance of readers by supplying dates. In a volume of 700 pages, it is almost impossible to discover, except by independent recollection or research, the year in which any event after 1841 happened. That the Maynooth Act was passed in 1845 may be deeply impressed on Sir C. Duffy's mind; but after five-and-thirty years his contemporaries may imperfectly remember a fact which is probably unknown to the younger generation.

Mr. Duffy, with Mr. Dillon and Mr. Davis, founded the *Nation* in 1841. From the first the literary associates devoted themselves to the cultivation of national Irish sentiment; and the popular sympathy with their objects, combined with their own energy and ability, procured for their journal considerable circulation and influence. In the laudable task of teaching Irish history to their countrymen, it may be conjectured that they were not minutely critical. Sir C. Duffy's fourth chapter, which is called "A Bird's-eye View of Irish History," begins with the statement that, fourteen centuries before the Christian era, "an expedition of Celts from Spain, led by a chief whose name in its Latinized form is Milesius, landed on the island, and after some fierce fighting, obtained possession of it." It would perhaps be safer to assert that Milesius came to Ireland in the same year in which Brutus, the son of Aeneas, gave his name to Britain, and Scotia, the daughter of Pharaoh, to Scotland. As Sir C. Duffy in the next sentence jumps over 2,500 years to the arrival of the Normans, no practical consequences follow from the Milesian conquest. The *Nation* seems, as might have been expected, to have accepted the historical doctrines of Thierry, whose authority has not increased in recent times. If the antagonism of subject races to their conquerors is the origin of modern revolutions, it is difficult to understand why Davis, whose father, descended, as the name implies, from a Welsh family, himself belonged to Buckinghamshire, should have been an Irish rebel. His maternal grandfather, of good Yorkshire descent, had happened to settle at Mallow, where Davis was born.

The Young Irish party, though as writers they pursued an independent course, took part in O'Connell's Repeal Association,

* *Young Ireland; a Fragment of Irish History, 1840-1850.* By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

which became more and more formidable. In and out of the press they and their associates had talked sedition or treason for two or three years, when, in 1849, Sir Robert Peel, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, repeated a former declaration of Lord Althorp, that he would resist the Repeal of the Union even if the alternative were civil war. O'Connell and his allies of course expressed surprise and indignation at a menace of force directed, as they said, against a constitutional agitation for the repeal of a simple Act of Parliament. Sir Robert Peel may perhaps have committed a verbal indiscretion in denouncing their obvious purpose, rather than their ostensible method of proceeding. It was perfectly natural that both O'Connell and the writers in the *Nation* should attribute to the Minister the first appeal to force; but it is strange that Sir C. Duffy should, after a long interval, blame Sir Robert Peel for his acceptance of a challenge which he and his friends had again and again openly offered. Their efforts had been directed, not to the repeal of an Act of Parliament, except, perhaps, as a preliminary measure, but to separation from the Crown of England and to the establishment of an independent State. Sir C. Duffy more than once complacently quotes the doctrine of the *Nation* that Ireland should have a foreign policy, which, as he explains, meant alliance with France or America, or with both, against England. Mr. Seward, Mr. Greeley, and other conspicuous American politicians, had insolently offered assistance to Ireland in rebellion against the Imperial Government; and Mr. Tyler, then President of the United States, had with gross indecency expressed his sympathy with the cause of Irish independence. The sweet singers of the *Nation*, among many effusions of similar tenor, had composed lyric strains in honour of Akbar Khan, solely on the ground of his treacherous massacre of English officers and soldiers. If any other criminal had committed an atrocity injurious to England, his exploit would have been applauded in the columns of the *Nation*. It was absurd to express angry astonishment at the defiance of their threats by a Minister who paid them the undeserved compliment of assuming that they were in earnest.

A similar criticism may be applied to Sir C. Duffy's elaborate discussion of the proceedings for conspiracy against the leaders of the Repeal Association, of whom he was one. Few readers will be deeply impressed by the contention, overruled by the majority of English judges, that the judgment was vitiated by errors of procedure, or by want of correspondence between the judgment and the record. The law of conspiracy is undoubtedly cumbersome, as the traversers found to their advantage; but martyrs, though they may have a right to profit by legal quibbles devised by special pleaders, ought not to be too indignant when they are accused of the acts on which their reputation depends. If the jury panel was wrongly struck, if Mr. Peacock's objections to the record were well founded, it was still true that the speakers in the Association and the writers in the Repeal press had devoted all their energies to the prosecution of rebellion and civil war. Even if it were held that they were morally justified in their efforts by the condition of Ireland, it is unreasonable to blame an established Government for asserting its own existence. The prosecution, though the judgment was reversed by the House of Lords, had the effect of silencing O'Connell. He was nearly seventy, his health was perhaps already breaking, and Sir C. Duffy mentions for the first time the curious fact that O'Connell was at the time deeply in love with a young lady who afterwards declined to marry him. Sir C. Duffy and his friends had been deeply disappointed by O'Connell's submission to the mandate of the Government by which the Clontarf meeting was prohibited. It was true that he had repeatedly announced his determination to resist; but his error consisted, not in practical recognition of superior force, but in previous bluster. The patriots of the *Nation* knew as well as O'Connell that no preparations had been made for the rebellion which had so long been threatened. It would have been a folly and a crime to provoke a collision between the troops and the multitude which would have crowded a monster meeting.

Sir C. Duffy does justice to Sir Robert Peel's bold and wise policy of conciliation, which was unfortunately interrupted by the famine and by his own retirement from office. He also remarks on the grudging support and the factious criticism of the leaders of Opposition, especially of Lord John Russell and Mr. Macaulay. The endowment of Maynooth, while it excited clamour in England, was gratefully accepted by the Roman Catholic prelates and priesthood, and even by the Repeal Association. The foundation of the Colleges which were afterwards affiliated to the Queen's University widened the difference between the Young Ireland party and the followers of O'Connell. Sir C. Duffy and his friends were anxious to secure the opportunity of liberal education for the Irish middle class; and, although they objected to some provisions in the Bill, they saw the possibility of effecting a compromise. O'Connell and his son, on the other hand, borrowed from Sir Robert Inglis the foolish nickname of "godless colleges"; and, although they failed in their attempts to defeat the measure, they did their utmost to create the noxious prejudice which has deprived a later generation of academical training. This controversy gave occasion to the conflicts between Davis and O'Connell which ended, after the death of the Young Ireland leader, in the disruption of the Repeal Association. The more upright and zealous section of agitators had been consistent in their desire to qualify their countrymen for the independence with which they hoped to endow them. They established reading-rooms; they published and circulated books in which their version of patriotism was inculcated; and they even hoped to achieve the desperate task

of detaching the upper and middle classes from their attachment to the English connexion. Their story is well told by their surviving colleague. His eloquence will perhaps revive the memory of Young Ireland among the disaffected portion of his countrymen, but it will scarcely win an English proselyte. When Sir C. Duffy asks why there are no manufactures in three out of four Irish provinces, when he complains that the Irish seas teem with fish which are not caught, and that the harbours are empty of merchandise, he virtually condemns, not the legislation or government which give every facility to industrial enterprise, but the incurable turbulence which drives away capital and confidence from Ireland.

LIFE OF SIR ROWLAND HILL.*

(First Notice.)

IT is very easy to understand the difficulties which must have beset Dr. Hill in the editing or writing of this book—difficulties which indeed he indicates in his preface. Biography is always a very difficult task. If the biographer and his subject have been strangers, the writer sets to his work with one hand tied. If they have been friends, and still more relations, he is frequently hampered with a knowledge of the wishes of the deceased which prevents him from putting himself quite at the standpoint of the ordinary reader, and he is likely to lay most stress on things which are not of the most general interest. But Dr. Hill's case was worse than this. He was not even left free to write such a biography as might seem best to him, nor had he, on the other hand, the comparatively light duty of merely editing an already written autobiography. Sir Rowland Hill had in his lifetime written, and it seems printed, a voluminous History of Penny Postage, which, it need hardly be said, was an autobiography in all but the name. But, in the first place, this narrative passed over the first, and by no means the least remarkable, half of his life. For, though the present generation only thinks of him in connexion with his Post Office reforms, it must be remembered that, years before, it seemed at least possible that he would go down to posterity as the reformer, not of English postal arrangements, but of English schools, while even this great addition does not exhaust the list of the results of his untiring inventiveness. Moreover, absorbed as he was in the work which had been the delight and torment of his manhood, he had, as we can very readily believe, and can indeed see from this book, allotted far too much space to the mere technical details of his fight with the Post Office authorities, to the exclusion of matters of more personal and general interest. It is only a generation which has actually fought at the Alma, or has had friends fighting there, that can endure the recital of that battle in several hundred pages. Sir Rowland had apparently recorded his successive Almas very much in this way, and his nephew has had, in accordance with counsel which he tells us he gave his uncle in his lifetime, to retrench the record very considerably. Even as it is, we are inclined to feel a doubt whether he has gone quite far enough in this direction. A thousand large and closely printed pages make a somewhat dangerously bulky monument to lay on the grave of a man whose life, though probably of greater importance to the country than that of all but a very few of his contemporaries, had but little of moving incident in it. But, on the whole, Dr. Hill has probably done well to make this first edition of his uncle's life complete enough to be a book of reference for all who are interested in the subject. He may very likely have an opportunity of preparing a more popular edition, and then he would be well advised to abandon the division into history and autobiography altogether, to include only a few extracts from Sir Rowland's own work, and, giving his own share of the book intact as it now is, to refashion the rest in the same style and form.

If the actual national importance of the second half of Rowland Hill's life surpassed that of the first half, we are inclined to think that the history of the first half is, from the purely biographical point of view, the more interesting of the two; and in this first notice we shall confine ourselves to it, reserving the active official life for another occasion. The family in which Rowland Hill was the third son was as remarkable for the longevity of its members as for their intellectual distinction. A singular proof of the former family characteristic is given by Dr. Hill in the remark that his great-uncle volunteered against the Pretender; that is to say, men now living familiarly knew a man who had arrived at full age a hundred and thirty-five years ago. As to the second, it is sufficient to say that, of a large family, assisted in no way by birth or connexion, and in their early days positively poor, almost every member made his way to considerable eminence in his profession, or in official station. Sir Rowland Hill's father was at first a tradesman on a small scale. But in the early years of the century he opened a school, and this school, when his sons grew up and took a share in it, rapidly became famous. Mr. Hill the elder was a staunch Liberal of the old doctrinaire school, believing implicitly that Toryism had made the world a desert, and that Parliamentary Reform, Free-trade, cheap books, and instruction, &c. &c., would make it a paradise. There is something touching enough (when we look back at the thing through what has happened since) in the *Nunc dimittis* of joy which, as his grand-

* *Life of Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., and History of Penny Postage.* By Sir Rowland Hill and George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. 2 vols. London: De La Rue & Co. 1880.

son tells us, the old man uttered at the Great Exhibition of 1851, which was opened a few months before his death. He was, however, by no means a mere politician; he was also a fervent student of natural science. But, though he was in many ways well fitted for a schoolmaster, he seems to have lacked the firmness of hand and the spirit of discipline which are above all things requisite. These, however, were amply supplied by his sons when they came to take the reins, and the school at Hazelwood (whither it had been moved from Hill Top, its first abode) soon, as we have said, became famous. Rowland Hill and one of his brothers published a pamphlet explaining the singular system of education which they had perfected, and which long continued to be carried out. Everything was done by code, and the code was administered by a constitutional government elected by the boys themselves. Even the judicial department was in the hands of delegates of the probable culprits. These things naturally rejoiced the souls of Bentham, Mill, Brougham, and others of the strictest sect of the utilitarian and useful-knowledge perfectionists. But there came a time when they thought of showing their joy in a manner very dubiously gratifying to the Hills. These latter, by almost superhuman labours, had made a position for themselves, and had at last reached the possibility of affluence. Time had been when the young Rowland, to get money for his studies and experiments, had had to sell herbs out of the garden and to resort to other similar expedients. Now they had a school with over a hundred pupils, and more were being constantly pressed on them. It was evident, however, that if, as the leading London Radicals had some idea of doing, a school on the same plan were set up close to the capital, the prestige, and with it the profit, of Hazelwood would be in not a little danger. In the Hill family everything was settled on constitutional principles by a family council; indeed the very expenses seem long to have been conducted on the budget plan, and so much, we suppose, was voted to each brother as he required it. The family council now determined to anticipate the danger by themselves establishing a metropolitan Hazelwood. The site chosen was Bruce Castle, at Tottenham; and Rowland Hill, with his system and one of his brothers, migrated to this new home.

A great deal of interesting information as to this curious system of education is to be found in Dr. Hill's pages. One naturally asks, How did it succeed? Dr. Hill does not in so many words answer this question; but he very fairly gives quotations from which the reader can draw his own conclusions. The personal force and energy of the able men who worked it no doubt got far better results out of it than might have been expected, and prevented the catastrophe which must have occurred had one or two clever and ill-disposed boys made use of the opportunities of revolt against a weak or incompetent master which the Hazelwood "constitution" provided. But Mr. Lucas Sargant, himself a pupil, gives his testimony that the boys did not look back with pleasure on the system; that it made them prematurely old; that the thoughtlessness, the spring, the elation of childhood were taken from them. "The school was, in truth, a moral hotbed, which forced us into a precocious imitation of maturity." On the other hand, a very competent observer, Captain Basil Hall, as quoted in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1825, arrived at an exactly opposite conclusion after a "most careful inspection" of the whole establishment. However one may strike the balance between these conflicting authorities, there can be no doubt whatever of the immense advantages which the self-reliance, the equal justice, the hard work, and the fair play of Hazelwood gave it over such dens of bullying, idleness, and bad practices of all kinds as English schools too often were sixty years ago.

At Tottenham, Rowland Hill worked pretty nearly as hard as he had done at Hazelwood; but the neighbourhood of the capital gave him pleasant society, and, what was more precious still, plentiful opportunities of exercising his talents for invention and organization. He had been a mechanical inventor as well as a deviser of systems from his earliest boyhood. He had made cunning electrical apparatus, and had demonstrated therewith at lectures which his father gave; he had thought of improvements in astronomical instruments, and had carried out not a few; he had devised a cylinder press for printing continuously, which was, at any rate in general principles, a forerunner of the machines upon which every important daily paper in the kingdom is now produced. In a memorandum dated just after the Reform Bill, Dr. Hill found this formidable list of mechanical devices which were then occupying his uncle's thoughts:—"Pendulous mechanism as applied to steamboats. Propelling steamboats by a screw. Improvements in Bramah's Press. Plan for checking the speed of stage-coaches. Weighing letters. Assorting letters in coach. Telegraphs by pressure of air. Gas for distant places compressed along small pipes. Road-making by machinery." It is curious that two of these should indirectly concern the subject which was destined to make him famous, though he does not seem to have as yet turned his thoughts to Post Office reform from the financial point of view. What might have seemed more visionary schemes were, however, formed by himself and his brothers, one of them being for a so-called "social community," a sort of uneclesiastical monachism, uniting co-operation, as now understood, with social life. This scheme seems to have been seriously considered by a large number of persons. All this time, however, Rowland Hill was anxious to give up school-keeping, and a chance meeting with Edward Gibbon Wakefield resulted in his being appointed Secretary to the South Australian Colonization Commission, after being connected in

the same capacity with the unofficial South Australian Association. With these bodies he worked for some years, gaining, naturally, considerable insight into official life, increasing his acquaintance with public men, and in many other ways storing up power for his future work. Indeed his acceptance of this colonial business must properly be regarded as the turning-point in his career. It was not, however, until 1837 that he really entered upon the campaign which was to occupy him for the remainder of his life of health and strength. At that date he was forty-two years old, and had for some five or six years had abundance of that mixture with the world at large which is frequently wanting to provincial-bred men even of the greatest natural force. He was still an ardent and convinced Liberal, though his zeal took the form rather of eagerness for practical improvements in the condition of the people than of political doctrinaireism. But, as we have said, the history of his performances in reference to postal reform had better be left for another occasion.

GALLENAGA'S SOUTH AMERICA.*

MR. GALLENAGA tells us that a traveller to South America has choice of two routes. He can go from Europe to any one of the ports of Brazil south of Para, and when he has fairly "done" that Empire, he can go through the Straits of Magalhães to Chili, Peru, and Ecuador, and return by Panama. Or, he may reverse this order of things, and take the West Indian islands on his way to the isthmus, and then come down the whole coast of South America in magnificent steamers, and finish his tour by visiting Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, and Rio Janeiro. The author wisely chose the latter route, and gradually exchanged the stifling, steamy, oppressive atmosphere of the tropics for the delicious and pure air of Chili and the unrivalled climate of the Pampas. It was unlikely that a writer of such experience and intelligence would not have a good deal to tell us about republican institutions, commerce, physical comforts, social and moral progress, and population. His style, though a little too redundant and overflowing at times, is animated, expressive, and clear. He has that eye for the natural features of a strange country which is always discerning resemblances to well-known places in the Old World. The largest street in Buenos Ayres "hardly comes up to the width of the Corso at Rome." The railways on the tops of the Andes eclipse the Soemmering Pass. Another panorama reminds him of the Superga at Turin; and the glaciers of Norway and Switzerland sink into utter insignificance before the masses of ice, sometimes fifteen and twenty miles in length, which amaze the traveller who threads the narrow channels of the Straits of Magalhães, instead of, as in former days, rounding Cape Horn. Mr. Gallenga generally kept close to the beaten track, except during one or two occasions in his visit to Chili. He went wherever railways or comfortable ocean steamers tempted him, or rude mail coaches could jolt him over execrable roads. He encountered sundry discomforts, but never positive hardships. He never cut his way through the jungle like Mr. Bigg-Wither; or sailed for hundreds of miles up the tributaries of the Amazon, camping on the beach at night, like Mr. Smith. It is true that he once thought of crossing the Andes from Santiago to the Argentine Republic, in preference to taking the long sea route, and he was once sufficiently near to the Araucanian Indians to hear terrible stories of their predatory habits and to find the Chilians panic-struck at an expected foray. But, as a general rule, he seems to have been satisfied with the main lines of traffic, and his work is naturally coloured by what he saw and heard in civilized centres and outposts. We impute no blame to him when we say that on certain points his pages are a blank. Of fauna he has nothing; and of flora he has very little, to say. Inquirers who write to the papers to know how in foreign lands sport can be combined with sight-seeing or with a livelihood, need not refer to Mr. Gallenga. Once, when in Chili, he crossed torrents on alarming suspension bridges, and enjoyed such moderate sport as "the birds in the bush and the trout in the stream" could yield. Alligators, he says, can be shot, or shot at, from the deck of a steamer, as they bask on the mud of the Paraguay and Parana rivers. And young men may possibly be tempted to colonize the Argentine Republic by glowing descriptions of life in the saddle, and extensive flats either covered with lowing herds or sheltering winged and ground game in which native Indians have "concurrent rights." Neither, again, does the author afford very much information as to the security of life and property, the efficiency of the police, the administration of justice, or similar topics. Incidentally, we gather that in these important departments there is yet a good deal to be done. We should also say that the author commenced his travels with a predisposition to view recent events and probable changes with rather Liberal eyes, and that, as he proceeded on his tour, repeated stories of the venality and the recklessness of political adventurers caused him to modify his opinions. Though Chili undoubtedly owes a good deal of its quiet life to an aristocracy, its prosperity is "factitious and ephemeral," and may have to be succeeded by something more in keeping "with the stern exigencies of a democratic community"—words which, in the mouth of one so experienced, are almost as mysterious as were the sentences of Dickens's "regular Down Easter" in the *American Notes*. Then, in the Valley of the Rio

* *South America*. By A. Gallenga, Author of the "Pearl of the Antilles," "Country Life in Piedmont," &c. London: Chapman & Hall, 1880.

Chillan, not very far from San Rosendo, he gave vent to the reflection that the oaks and elms of the proudest duke in England were quite contemptible "by the side of the glorious timber of God's own Park"—a sort of phrase which strikes us as culled from the vocabulary of the "thoughtful," but excitable Radical. But a little further on it would appear as if a longer acquaintance with South American communities had disabused the author of any "unreasoning partiality to the mere name of a republic"; and when he denounces Presidential changes, "rabid politicians, and a blatant fire-and-brimstone press," we begin to feel that we have done Mr. Gallenga an injustice; that he has ceased to believe in the supremacy of riff-raff; and we heartily endorse his advice to the Brazilians to recognize the heavy debt which they owe to their sovereign for at least half a century of social order and constitutional rule.

In truth, the chapters on Peru, Ecuador, and Paraguay are powerful exposures of the madness of universal suffrage, with its series of shifting Presidents and its scrambles for power and place. It is quite certain that, whatever may be the future of South America—and Mr. Gallenga is convinced that it has a fine future—aristocratic Chili and monarchical Brazil are far ahead of the numerous republics in which good Presidents are ruthlessly murdered and unscrupulous despots rule for years by alternate corruption and force. But we shall now run down the coast with the author, sympathizing with him in the length of time it took the *Nile* steamboat to go from Southampton to Colon on the Isthmus of Panama. Twenty-one days were required to get over about 5,500 miles. Colon is a wretched nest of hideous negroes, built on a marshy island and reeking with fever. It is named after the discoverer of America and adorned by his statue, the gift of the Empress Eugénie. From this place to Panama there is a railway, forty-seven miles in length, constructed, at an outlay of two and a half millions, through a mass of tangled vegetation, which at times threatens to strangle the very line in its grasp. Panama is little better than Colon—a miserable town with a splendid site. Naturally Mr. Gallenga has something to say about the ambitious project of Sir F. Lesseps. He is inclined to think that the cost of the canal may double the present estimate of money and time, and may require eighty millions sterling and twenty years of work. The estimated difference in the tides of the Pacific and Atlantic, something like twenty-six feet, reminds us of a very clever story, the "Junction of the Oceans," in a series of sketches published under the title of *Bote Ponja*, by the late Henry Meredith Parker. That humorous and ingenious writer imagined the successful cutting of this very canal; dwelt on the complacent verdict of the best engineers of the day on the scheme, and the demonstrable absurdity of thinking that any difference in the levels of the oceans could cause the slightest anxiety; described the expectant multitudes assembled at Panama, and the magnificent spectacle of letting in the water, in the presence of the Federation of the World, in the year 2098. But, when the last barrier had been removed in the story, the opening let in, not the peaceful waters of the Pacific, but a raging ocean, tossed up into peaks and mountains high as the Alps, to descend in a cataract, to overwhelm the universe, and to reduce mankind for the second time to Deucalion and Pyrrha. Vague apprehensions about the difference of levels may not hinder the completion of the work; but want of funds and political complications and rival schemes may prolong the date when the Suez Canal shall be eclipsed.

Leaving an unhealthy climate and a corrupt community, Mr. Gallenga went down the coast in one of the splendid steamers of the South Pacific Mail Company, and touched at Guayaquil, which he oddly describes as a thriving but shabby seaport of Ecuador. Of this republic he has little to say, except that, like most other States in the Southern hemisphere, it murders its Presidents and, till lately, sent St. Peter's pence to Rome. A longer stay in Peru enabled him to go from Callao to Lima, or, as it is still called, Los Reyes, "the city of the kings." The site is magnificent and unrivalled; but the climate, though equable and temperate, is one of the most dispiriting in the world. There is no violent tropical rain, but only a dreary Scotch mist which for six months obscures the sun. The Andes are very rarely seen, and the nights are always cold. There is nothing in the country to compensate for this bad climate. Roads are mere tracks, ankle-deep in sand. Railroads, intended to span the Andes and to reach the great tributaries of the Amazon, are at a standstill for want of money, though at some places they have been carried to heights which were thought impossible; some of the gold mines are worked out, while the silver mines are either badly managed or are now possessed by Bolivia; stores of guano, which was to have taken the place of minerals, are coming to an end; and the senseless struggle of Peru with Chili has disturbed the finances of the former State and impoverished the country. Yet the account of Mr. Gallenga's trip to the Oroya Pass, of the Montana or eastern slope of the Andes, and of the difficulties already surmounted, leads to the conclusion that the Transandean railways, if completed, would not only be splendid monuments of engineering skill, but important elements in that future of boundless wealth and restored credit in which Mr. Gallenga would have us to believe.

The author stayed rather longer in Chili, and his account, while it disparages aristocratic government, confirms all that we have ever read or heard of that country. In the first place, the atmosphere is pure and salubrious, the only drawback being the continued drought and the frequency of earthquakes. Valparaiso, or the Vale of

Paradise, is remarkable for cleanliness and order. Santiago, on a noble site, has broad streets, groves and fountains, fine public edifices, wealthy private mansions, a promenade, a museum, a model farm, and everything that becomes a political capital. An Anglo-Indian might be led to think that it combines all the merits of Simla and of Calcutta. Here the landed aristocracy spend the revenues of their vast estates, monopolize public offices, and raise the prices of foreign articles, from Letts's Diaries to German dolls. Mr. Bright would be glad to know that, owing to a change in the law of succession, estates are now being divided; but the condition of the labouring population is said to be one of misery. They emigrate to Bolivia, when they cannot live on their Chilean allotments of a few acres, supplemented by wages for extra work. While Northern and Central Chili both suffer from drought, owing to Polar winds, the Southern tract has continuous rain for weeks. Here we are in the region of primeval forest and luxuriant vegetation. There are lovely islands fringing the coast; land-locked bays disclosing at every turn scenes of exquisite beauty; and thrifty German colonists, who, though looked on with some slight suspicion, settle, drink beer, establish singing clubs, and grow almost as fat as the obese Chileans. The conduct of Chili in the recent war with Peru deserves more favourable notice than it has received at the hands of Mr. Gallenga. Those who have watched the origin and progress of the campaign can scarcely doubt that the righteous cause has hitherto triumphed. Whether success in war will be a source of ruin or of prosperity, whether the acquisition of nitrate and guano will corrupt the sober-minded and industrious population of Chili, are questions which may admit of controversy. But it is certain that hitherto Chili stands first among the republican States of South America for public credit and political capacity. It is not specially favoured by nature. One of its chief wants, water, no amount of development will ever supply. Its population is little more than two millions, and the want of any fertile land on the eastern slope of the Andes is scarcely compensated by some sixty harbours on its long narrow strip of coast. The revenue is about three millions and a quarter, and the public debt is not much more than three times the revenue. The mineral produce is equal to the agricultural wealth. If there is any one State which may look forward to its "future," it is this narrow, thirsty, aristocratic State, and to this conclusion all Mr. Gallenga's facts and arguments really point, in spite of his adverse opinions.

As a contrast let us just look at the picture drawn of Paraguay by this experienced writer, who talks, as we have said, about the "stern exigencies of a democratic community." Though on the borders of the tropics, it lies between two large and fertilizing rivers, the Paraguay and the Parana, the former of which is navigable throughout the whole length of this republic, and, indeed, up into the very heart of Brazil. The soil is fitted for the cultivation of tea, coffee, tobacco, and sugar. The number of its cattle might easily be doubled or trebled; and stock and meat could be exported to a large extent. Three-fourths of the land belong to the State. The want of a seaboard is half compensated by those two navigable rivers, and railways would easily open a communication with Brazil. Yet the whole revenue is only 121,000*l.*, or about the average of a single district under the Perpetual Settlement of Bengal. The expenditure, it is almost needless to add, exceeds the revenue, and there is a public debt of a million and a half. Its history, since 1811, is made up of struggles for power, imprisonments, confiscations, proscriptions, a wicked war with Brazil and the republics of the Plate, and the rule of a ferocious despot, Lopez II., who took advantage of a popular form of government first to master and then to ruin his country. Asuncion, the capital, is like a city of the dead, with wildernesses for its squares and streets; it is almost a misnomer to talk of the labouring population, where every one is incorrigibly indolent and vicious; the priests openly outrage morality, and cock-fighting, racing, and card-playing form the serious business of life. Paraguay might be a compact and model Republic. It now merely represents a good-sized tract in South America covering nearly sixty thousand square miles, without the rudiments of civil Government at home or the slightest credit abroad.

Uruguay is a State with a fine capital and fair prospects; but, in point of size and capacity for development, the Argentine Republic is probably at the head of the list of similar South American States. It is true that Buenos Ayres as a port is surpassed by Monte Video; but the extent of country open to emigrants and settlers in the Plate is enormous. As Mr. Gallenga pointedly observes, the question is not whether abundance of land can be had at a moderate price, but whether a residence any where in the neighbourhood of Cordova or Rosario is not burdened with conditions to which few Englishmen would submit. The climate is salubrious, regular, and enjoyable; life in an *estancia* enables a proprietor to be in the saddle half the day; and the isolation is not more than is experienced by many a tea-planter in Assam or Cachar. But we confess to some doubt about the development of agriculture when we read of long flats covered with stunted brushwood and saline efflorescence; want of water; a horrible grass, termed the *Flechilla*, which works its way into the clothes of men, the wool of the living sheep, and the joints of mutton; plagues of locusts; and alternate exposure to plunder by marauding Indians and Gauchos, and to requisitions for valuable cattle and favourite horses by the virtuous partisans of rival candidates for place. Doubtless the account of a visit to a comfortable country house not a hundred miles from Buenos Ayres, or to a *saladero* where cattle are

slaughtered, skinned, and salted for exportation with more than the celerity of Chicago, sounds attractive. But it is surely ironical in Mr. Galleaga to say that a young man with 10,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* of his own, "might do worse than settle on the broad lands of the Plate." Those who command this capital will employ or invest it elsewhere. What is wanted is that the Argentine rulers should make life and property as safe as laws and Governments can make them, and give fair scope for the energies of younger sons with healthy constitutions, good education, and some fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds.

We have so recently noticed Mr. Smith's excellent work on Brazil that we must pass over Mr. Galleaga's chapter on this vast Empire. If any State in South America can look to the future, it is surely a country which has a revenue of fourteen millions slightly in excess of its expenditure, splendid rivers, several fine seaports, and every kind of tropical produce. Here, as elsewhere, the question of labour will be a crucial test when slavery comes to an end a few years hence. This example of a successful trip may possibly induce those who now multiply knowledge and run to and fro on the earth, to visit South America, and form a judgment for themselves on the multitude of topics started and discussed in this volume; but it must not be hastily assumed that every traveller with an eye for scenery and an ear and pen for statistics will be able to turn out as instructive, agreeable, and interesting a volume.

BLACKIE'S FAUST!

IN a general way we are of opinion that there are too many translations of *Faust* in the world already. Not that among these good ones are wanting; but, on the contrary, two or three are so good that there seems to be no reasonable prospect of improving on them. One, Bayard Taylor's, is more than good; it is a masterpiece in its way, and it would hardly be rash, considering the difficulties of the undertaking and the completeness of the performance, to call it the best verse translation in the English language. It shares with Miss Swanwick's version, and one or two others at most, the honour of having gone through with the Second Part of *Faust* as well as the First. Of Miss Swanwick's work we had occasion to speak not quite two years ago. Along with Mr. Kegan Paul's translation (which, however, is of the First Part only) it may take a place as near Bayard Taylor's as any. Close on these comes Sir Theodore Martin's, which, if it does not everywhere attain the modern standard of exactness, has great occasional felicities. Anster's work must be named because it is familiar; but nowadays we can hardly count it as a translation at all. Besides these we have the multitude, too many to be remembered by name; some of them, no doubt, meritorious enough to have won distinction if their authors had chosen to ride in less crowded lists. In this state of things we confess that we look but coldly on fresh additions to the number.

But Professor Blackie is not a new adventurer. He came into the field as much as forty years ago, before translations of *Faust* were abundant, and when the German language and literature were still comparatively unknown among us. He has now revised and in some measure recast his work, encouraged, he tells us, by approval of it in its earlier form received from both English and German scholars at various times. To dispute its right to exist under such circumstances would be pedantic; and, being there, it can afford to stand well enough on its own merits. The earlier edition we do not know. As Professor Blackie's translation now stands, it is a vigorous, careful, and faithful piece of work. It is chiefly wanting, we should say, in subtlety and finish. It has a kind of bustling air in which the full and delicate harmonies of Goethe too often disappear. After all, this defect is in some measure unavoidably incident to the nature of the work. Every translation of poetry, save in the few cases of wonderful success, must have to a reader who knows the original something of the effect of hearing a song through a telephone. And Professor Blackie has certainly not fallen behind the average success of good translators in the extent to which he reproduces the effects of his original. But in this case the standard of criticism is exceptionally severe; for we cannot help comparing Professor Blackie with a translator who, as we have said, is more than good.

In his preliminary essay Professor Blackie considers the question of Dr. Faust's historical existence. One or two modern scholars have sought to resolve him, like other personages of fabulous reputation, into a mere myth. But there is quite sufficient and credible evidence that in the early part of the sixteenth century one John Faust was travelling about Germany, "making his name known to everybody, and making great show of his skill, not in medicine only, but in chiromancy, necromancy, physiognomy, visions in crystals, and such like," as a contemporary describes him. From another account we learn that at the time of his death he was supposed to have been slain by the devil, and that besides his undoubted magical arts he "was also a great boaster, and pretended that all the victories of the Imperial armies in Italy were gained by the help of his magic." Here we have already some of the elements of the Faust legend which was not slow to grow up; and it is not immaterial to remark that these ac-

counts are the more worthy of credit as coming from persons to whom the legend in its later form was evidently unknown. There is no difficulty whatever in supposing a real person to become the centre of a supernatural legend or group of legends within a moderate time of his death, or even before it, if he chooses to excite, instead of rebuking, credulity. Such cases are less uncommon in history than is generally supposed; and such things have happened in the East even within living memory. Bayard Taylor sets forth the same evidence as Professor Blackie, or rather more, and comes to the same conclusion. The only question remaining unsettled is whether more than one real Faust may not have been involved in the legend. It seems possible that when John Faust's vogue was at its height, the name was of set purpose assumed by travelling charlatans. All this would be so much additional facility for the formation of wild and confused stories.

Professor Blackie goes on to add to his introduction an account of the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust*, which "somewhat detailed panoramic view of that remarkable production" he states to be for the benefit of such as have not read and are not likely to read it. But for this declaration, we should have supposed some intention of apology for not translating it—we mean apology in its older sense, as an explanatory justification. Professor Blackie makes it evident that for himself such a task would have been much against the grain, and the tendency of his remarks is to suggest that it is not worth doing by anybody. He has read the Second Part of *Faust* manfully through, but it was mostly pain and grief to him. He treats the whole thing as a "magnificent failure," and lets us perceive, indeed, that he thinks it much more a failure than magnificent. "There may be some few great things, and some wonderful things, and not a few wise things (as who could expect otherwise from Goethe) in the Second Part of *Faust*; but it is certainly neither a great drama nor the just sequence of a great drama." Over the episode of Helena Professor Blackie almost loses his temper. Euphorion is altogether too much for him. "Of such a strange jumble we may say truly, as Jeffrey said falsely of Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' *This will never do.*" Confidence is one of Professor Blackie's particular and, one may say, favourite qualities; and far be it from us to disparage it in a generation when people are apt to think twice and thrice of possible criticism for once of the thing they have got to say. But this is going rather far in the face of Mr. Carlyle's judgment. Fifty years ago or more, when *Helena* made its appearance as a detached instalment of the second part of *Faust*, Mr. Carlyle said of it by no means "This will never do," but something very different, which may now be read in his collected essays. To Mr. Carlyle rather than to Professor Blackie we must direct those who would be put on the road to rightly enjoying one of the most curious and splendid productions of Goethe's imagination. Fortified by Mr. Carlyle's authority, we may here briefly say that what to Professor Blackie appears a "strange jumble" appears to us to sum up with a power unrivalled in modern poetry the ideals of Greek art and their influence on the modern mind, as the wonderful last scene in heaven—to which Schumann's music is the only fitting commentary—presents in quite another way the best side of mediæval and Catholic exaltation. But the *Mater gloriosa* fares yet worse at Professor Blackie's hands than Helen. Will it be believed that the closing words—

Das Unbeschreibliche,
Hier ist es gethan;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan—

are presented by him to the English reader thus?—

Beauty immortal
The rapt spirit hails,
Where the eternally-
Female prevails.

Of course translation is baffled here; but only total want of sympathy could enable a scholar of Professor Blackie's ability to turn out such a caricature, even by way of incidental illustration. Bayard Taylor's—

The Indescribable,
Here it is done;
The Woman-Soul leadeth us
Upward and on!—

is at least in the right direction towards the movement and spirit of the original. And it is just the finer spirit and movement that, even where he is in sympathy with his author, Professor Blackie does not always preserve.

But we have one word yet to say of the Second Part of *Faust* in general. Before we complain of it for not being dramatic in the ordinary sense we must be satisfied of our right to expect it to be dramatic. No such right can be discovered in the conditions or the professions of Goethe's work. If we conceive him as starting with the general intention of building up a great poem in dramatic form on the lines of the Faust legend, two things are at once plain. The first is that, as a matter of fact, there is much more of the legend in the Second Part than in the First. The Emperor's court, the phantom of Helen (converted by Goethe to uses all his own), Faust's coming to aid the Emperor by magic—all these belong to the old story. The next point is that a work following these lines could not in the nature of things have a continuous interest of the properly dramatic kind. It is a strange involuntary tribute to Goethe's power that to most readers the whole of *Faust*

* *Faust: a Tragedy.* By Goethe. Translated into English Verse, with Notes and Preliminary Remarks, by John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition, carefully revised and largely re-written. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

is just that part which Goethe put into it without reference to the legend—namely, the episode of Gretchen. On the popular view of *Faust*, which is faithfully enough embodied in Gounod's opera, not only the Second Part, but the First, is inexplicable. For there is a great deal in the First Part which is quite irrelevant to the action, considered from this point of view; nay, in the Walpurgis Night there is full as much extravagance in the way of jests and allusions of transitory and even merely personal interest as anywhere in the Second Part. If the Second Part as a whole, and the close in heaven, are a failure, we see no escape from the conclusion that the Prologue in Heaven is a "magnificent failure" too. To put it shortly, *Faust* contains, among other things, a drama of powerful human interest; how powerful perhaps only those know who have had the good fortune to see it on the German stage. But that is surely no reason why it should not contain and be a great deal more. And, therefore, we feel that in his introduction Professor Blackie strikes a wrong note, and, so far as in him lies, misleads the English reader as to the significance of the First Part, which alone is to be presented to him in an English dress.

We have not offered to criticize Professor Blackie's translation in detail, and such a process cannot indeed be satisfactory unless performed on a scale that would exhaust both critic's and reader's patience. The reader will perhaps prefer to take our word for it that the work is solid and honest work. We have not disguised our opinion that better has been done; but this is good notwithstanding. As a fair specimen, we give in part Faust's soliloquy in the third scene of the fourth act:—

Spirit Supreme! thou gav'st me—gav'st me all,
For which I asked thee. Not in vain hast thou
Turned toward me thy countenance in fire.
Thou gavest me wide Nature for my kingdom,
And power to feel it, to enjoy it. Not
Cold gaze of wonder gav'st thou me alone,
But even into her bosom's depth to look,
As it might be the bosom of a friend.
The grand array of living things thou mad'st
To pass before me, mad'st me know my brothers
In silent bush, in water, and in air.
And when the straining storm loud roars, and raves
Through the dark forest, and the giant pine,
Root-wrenched, tears all the neighbouring branches down
And neighbouring stems, and strews the ground with wreck,
And to their fall the hollow mountain thunders;
Then dost thou guide me to the cave, where safe
I learn to know myself, and from my breast
Deep and mysterious wonders are unfolded.
Then mounts the pure white moon before mine eye
With mellow ray, and in her softening light,
From rocky wall, from humid brake, upfloat
The silvery shapes of times by-gone, and soothe
The painful pleasure of deep-brooding thought.

THE LEADEN CASKET.*

IT is Mrs. Hunt's misfortune that the title she has chosen for her novel will alienate that large class of readers to whom "not to know the end" of a book is the only inducement to read the beginning. If Mrs. Hunt had followed the example of some of her contemporaries, and called it "Only a Girl," or "He was but a Landscape Painter," or something of that kind, the reader would have been left in peace to conjecture which of the three eligible gentlemen and two charming young ladies ultimately become united, and which of them prefer to die of consumption in foreign parts. But, with the *Merchant of Venice* fresh in the minds of us all, the duller and most ignorant cannot help knowing that he has only to lay his finger on the poorest and humblest person in the book, and behold! he has discovered the leaden casket—the successful wooer. And yet, in spite of the foregoing conclusion, we doubt if the most ingenious will be able to guess the plot of the story; for, notwithstanding appearances, there is a plot. Those who do not care about guessing, and are content to take and enjoy the events as they come, will find ample repayment.

Olive Brooke, the heroine, is a little girl whose father and stepmother are in India, and who is in consequence living with her uncle and aunt, in Harley Street. By casual references in the book we find that Dr. and Mrs. Brooke had five children, but as they never make their appearance, the reader is apt to forget them, as their parents seem to have done, and, as far as we are concerned with her, Olive was the only child of the house. She was left pretty much at her own disposal, for her uncle was away all day, and her aunt, whose intentions were excellent, was too much engaged in novel-writing to be able to put them into practice. We fell in love with Olive from the moment she confessed her inability to do sums—"They seem as if they cracked me all over somehow"—and she retains her hold till the very end of the book. Left alone as she was, her reading was somewhat miscellaneous, and included more novels than are usually contained in the libraries of young ladies of her years. To remove her from these studies, she is sent for a while to her grandfather at Austerfield, in Yorkshire, where she meets little Willie Morrison, son of a London clerk, and nephew of the village butcher, in whom the polite reader will at once recognize with a shudder the Leaden Casket. The infant idyl of Olive and Willie is charmingly told. Olive at once falls desperately in love with her playmate, not unconsciously, as

would be the case with most children, but from a feeling, born of her novel-reading, that it was the proper thing to do. The author has here undertaken a very difficult task, but she has managed it most delicately; and, instead of being disgusted with the precocity of the child, we are only amused and interested. Before they part, she sketches out the speech with which, in years to come, the boy is to demand her hand from her uncle:—

"And when they say to you, as I am afraid they will some day, Willie—for you see, unfortunately, my relations are of a superior rank to yours—'We cannot suffer our daughter to make this misalliance—your station, young sir, is an insuperable bar to any union with our house,' you are to lay your hand on your heart, and flash defiance with your lustrous brown eyes, and say, 'Measure not my rank by my birth, but have regard to my achievements.'"

"I say, Olive! But you are going it! Achievements! What do you mean?"

"Nay, that's what they say in all the books that I read; and, besides, you must have some achievements—do something very grand and distinguished, I mean; you must be a soldier, or a sailor, or win a battle all by yourself, or write a book that the whole world will go mad about. I don't want to fix exactly what you are to do, Willie; but you must do something."

This passage is the keynote to the whole story. When next we meet Willie he has studied painting abroad, and is already showing great promise as an artist. He has never forgotten the days he passed with Olive, who opened a new world of literature and poetry to him, of which he then took very little heed, but which now he is beginning to value. Olive meanwhile has grown up into a beautiful girl, to whom her childhood is a very living memory, and books as dear as ever. It suddenly dawns on her aunts that she is grown up, and that it would be as well to take her into society. These aunts are all very well drawn, and very different. There is the fashionable, fast, and unscrupulous Aunt Raymond, the novel-writing Aunt Selma, and the stingy and morose Aunt Ullathorne, whose chief pastime and extravagance consists in buying pieces of ground in spots that she thinks eligible for her interment. A rather doubtful adventure into which Olive has been dragged by Aunt Raymond opens Dr. Brooke's eyes, and he at once tells his wife that she must go into society, and take Olive with her. After having led the life of a novel-writing recluse for so many years, it is a little surprising that Mrs. Brooke should continue to have "numbers of invitations" for dinners and evening parties; but, however this may be, she picked and chose those which would afford her literary, artistic, and musical society. Then follows a most delightful description of a party given by two young poets, "at which no one was allowed to be present who was not either already distinguished or certain to be so. There were poets and novelists and artists and musicians, and ladies who looked as if they had walked out of pictures (of a certain school, be it well understood). The room was provided with divans, to which each lady was led as she entered; and when she was seated, a heavy-headed flower was placed in her hand, which she graciously held. Heavy-headed, too, were the fair ladies who thus came in with hair frizzed and rolled, and twisted and filleted with gold or silver, or parti-coloured bands under which a few flowers were naively stuck, in frank confidence in their own powers of either arranging themselves or lending themselves to adornment without any arrangement. Most of these fair guests were clad in soft white, or faint blue, or amber dresses, freakishly made; tight where other people would have had them loose, and loose where it might have seemed more convenient to have had them tight." Brilliant indeed must have been the scene, and when the water-lilies, which were the "first course," as it were, faded, they were cast on the floor, and were succeeded by tulips, carnations, and roses, in their turn to die and be trodden underfoot.

As might be expected, Mrs. Brooke's whole nature was touched by these wonders, and with the promptitude of a truly great mind she at once began to transform her household, including herself and Olive. The description is amusing, but is too long to quote, and we must refer the reader to the original. Into this world entered Lady Brooke, Olive's stepmother, a woman of conventional ideas and utter indifference to the claims of others. With her usual insincerity she tried to flatter her sister-in-law into believing that she was most interested in her novels, and paid the penalty in having to undergo many hours of MSS. reading, and an evening at the "Millennium," in which we recognize without difficulty the soirées of a peculiar club. Here, however, she has unexpected luck in meeting with the Golden Casket in the person of the worthy, stupid Sir John Ellerton, who has fallen desperately in love with Olive. The next volume is occupied with the progress of this love affair. Olive, taken away from her uncle and aunt, turned loose into the fashionable world, imposed on and cajoled by Lady Brooke, at last consents to accompany her mother to Scotland, on a visit to Sir John and his mother. The result is that, after some weeks, she is talked into accepting him, though the very next day she is overcome with remorse, and entreats him to set her free.

It is in this Scotch visit that we become intimate with Mr. Ardrossan, the sketch of whose character is a masterpiece. It is rare, indeed, either in real life or in fiction to meet with a man who, to quote the words of a modern novelist, makes all others appear like half-ripened plums, which are only good on the side that has had a glimpse of the sun. Of course we know that he is the Silver Casket, and resent bitterly what is in store for him, as well as the cool way in which Mrs. Brooke sums him up, as "pale, refined, learned, but already falling into the ranks of

* *The Leaden Casket*. By Mrs. Alfred Hunt, Author of "Thornicroft's Model," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

veterans." He was only forty-five, and any woman might have been thankful to marry him. With Olive he promptly falls in love; but of this she is quite unconscious, and only regards him as a friend. She sees a good deal of him in Scotland, but of course, after her confession to Sir John, she has to leave at once with her mother. They have a terrible journey, during the first part of which Lady Brooke, in order to force her into the marriage, tells her that she is only her stepmother, that Olive's own mother disgraced herself and was divorced, and that she herself has come to England for the sole purpose of getting Olive off her father's hands. While Olive is still writhing with agony from this announcement, the train comes to a standstill in a snowdrift. Scotch trains generally do stop in snowdrifts; but we have never before known one do so in a novel. We are truly grateful to Mrs. Hunt for having introduced a new incident into fiction, and for the admirable way in which she has managed it. It is here that Willie Morrison and Olive meet again and fall into conversation. She soon recognizes him, but is too shy to introduce herself, especially as he only knows her by repute as a fashionable beauty, and says some hard things on the contrast between the woman of the present and the child of the past. A little later in London he meets Mr. Ardrossan at the house of Mr. Ambergreen, an eccentric artist, and is allowed to go and make his apologies to Olive in person. She is, however, far too miserable in thinking over what she has lately heard, and in trying to circumvent Lady Brooke, who is still bent on the marriage with Sir John, to be very encouraging to Willie. He shortly afterwards goes to St. Hilda or Whitby, and here makes acquaintance with Miss Rosamond Keithley, to whom he becomes engaged after his first rejection by Olive. This episode seems a little unnecessary and inadequate, and so does the explanation given to Olive as to the innocence of her mother, who is at last discovered on her death-bed; but the author has given us so very little to find fault with that we must make the most of any weakness. The scene in which Lady Brooke tries to explain away her conduct to Olive is very powerful, and the meeting with Willie at the Water Colour private view, when the misunderstandings are cleared away, is charmingly told. Olive is standing there dressed in dusky red (would she not have been in mourning for her mother?) when Mr. Ardrossan appears, and knowing that his own case is hopeless, gives her some good news about Morrison's pictures which she is to report to the artist himself. She is very proud and pleased, and in her annoyance at the calm way in which Morrison takes it, tells him that "it is quite an achievement." Then she remembers, and tries to recover herself, but the mischief is done.

How every one is made happy without behaving badly to anyone else shall be left to the imagination of the reader. For ourselves, the characters have become our friends, and we take leave of their history with regret. It will always be the greatest of pleasures to meet Mr. Ardrossan. Kensington Square will have a new attraction as being the residence of Aunt Ullathorne, and we shall never again walk through Kensington without wondering which is the highly-favoured house that contains Mr. Ambergreen. Mrs. Hunt may perhaps write another novel as good as this, but we doubt if she will ever do better.

GORDON ON ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.*

WE may safely say that at the present time the subject of electricity and magnetism occupies the attention of physicists more than any other branch of study. Heat, light, and sound are each provided with a clear physical theory which explains all that is known and serves as a guide to other discoveries; but it is not too much to say that as yet electricity is quite without any such theory. The ingenious hypotheses from time to time propounded by mathematical physicists are beautiful and interesting from a mathematical point of view, and some one of them may perhaps be the true explanation of the phenomena; but the instinct of physicists leads them to regard these hypotheses with distrust, and to look for some simpler theory, and one which can be grasped by the mind without the aid of the mechanical mode of thought used by mathematicians. Of course the mathematical method must be used in all higher investigations; but the basis, or starting-point, for mathematical calculations on physical subjects is usually so simple that its outlines may be easily grasped by any one, however ignorant of mathematics. All astronomy is based on one or two laws so simple that a child can remember them; and the conception of ether and vibrations of different periods across the line of transmission, which is the foundation of the undulatory theory of light and heat, is of the utmost simplicity; and so, again, is the physical basis of the theory of sound. None of this clearness can be found in any theory as yet put forward for electricity; so that even down to the present time electricians are obliged to use the old "two-fluid" theory as a *memoria technica* by which to hold their knowledge together, although it has long been discarded as a trustworthy theory of the phenomena. We have learned to tolerate the conception of ether, and modern research tends rather to increase than diminish the probability of its actual physical existence; yet the mind recoils from the hypo-

thesis of two fluids which are each perfectly elastic and unaffected by gravitation, and, further, which destroy each other when equal volumes meet.

Perhaps we ought not to hope that the true theory of electricity can approach the simplicity of heat, light, and sound, for in the case of electricity we require an hypothesis to explain and connect certainly one mode of motion, and perhaps two or three, and one or more states of strain; and, further, we have already reason to believe that we have to deal with motions and strains of both matter and ether. As yet we only know that we can measure the motion of a current and the strain of charge, or of a magnetic field in certain units, and that they have exact equivalents in other forms of energy; but the instant that energy, whether in the form of heat, mechanical motion, or chemical affinity, is transformed into electricity of any form, we lose sight of the machinery, and may even be said to lose sight of the energy itself, until it be reproduced in some better understood form.

The enormous practical development of electricity which has been seen in the last few years has not been without its influence on scientific investigation, and we shall probably owe as much to the telegraph in its various forms and to the electric light in the clearing up of the problem of the physical nature of electricity as we now owe to the steam-engine in the investigation of the mechanical equivalent of heat which forms the foundation-stone of those stupendous and fruitful modern generalizations, the conservation and dissipation of energy. But at present all that can be done is to watch every electrical phenomenon closely, varying the conditions as widely as possible, and noting every result, however insignificant it may seem. This is being patiently and actively done by a vast body of able experimenters all over the civilized world, and their results appear from time to time in the form of books, but more often as contributions to scientific journals and the Transactions of different learned bodies—a form in which they are not easily accessible to scientific men who are not actually engaged in research. It is, of course, of the utmost importance that all workers should know what is being done by others, and that students should have the means of informing themselves of the actual state of knowledge on the subject; but hitherto this information could only be obtained by the constant study of many periodicals and constant intercourse with the scientific world. Mr. Gordon's valuable book comes now to serve as a guide both to the student and to those men of science who have not leisure to keep themselves posted up in the more modern work in this branch of physics. The book is carried down almost to the day of publication, and hardly any point of importance has been omitted. Each branch is discussed and explained in the text, and in many cases abstracts of original papers are given, including those of the author on specific and inductive capacity, which have won him his high place among physicists. But the great value of the book will be found in the full references given in footnotes to other works, and, above all, to periodicals, so that it serves as a *catalogue raisonné* to the literature of electricity, at all events up to the beginning of this year.

A great deal of space has been devoted to the modern observations on the discharge in *vacuo*, and excellent abstracts are given of papers by Mr. Warren De la Rue, Mr. Crookes, and Messrs. Spottiswoode and Moulton. At present many physicists seem to look upon this form of discharge as one of the weak places in the barrier of mystery which surrounds electricity, so that the space given to its consideration cannot be regarded as thrown away; though perhaps, as these observations are so fresh in the minds of physicists, the author would have been better advised had he treated of them at less length, and devoted a little more space to the discussion of some other branches of the subject. This leads us to the consideration of one great fault of the book: many points of deep scientific interest are passed over with the very slightest information; the whole theory of batteries and electro-chemistry, for instance, is dismissed in the shortest possible space, and no information is given as to modern investigations in this part of the subject. As all practical electricians are in want of a cheap battery of good electro-motive force and low internal resistance, which shall give a constant current on a circuit of low resistance, much must have been done by experimentalists to provide for this want. But Mr. Gordon gives no reference to any papers on the subject, and only mentions one book of importance. Again, although this is a treatise on the science of electricity, and not on its practical application, and we may therefore excuse the author for not describing telegraph instruments, yet we think that many of the methods of testing used in practical work are of sufficient scientific interest to be worth mention and explanation, and that, without departing from the physical and non-mathematical character of the book, the whole subject of complicated branch circuits would have been made clearer had Kirchhoff's laws been enunciated, which require no more mathematical knowledge for their comprehension and application than Ohm's law, from which they are really derived. The task of finding faults in so valuable a book is not pleasant, so we hasten to make all our objections at once, and pass on to a curious example of the way in which Mr. Gordon's desire for absolute accuracy and his occasional want of power to express himself lead him into great confusion. In his first page he gives a definition of an electrified body, and says that, if certain properties are exhibited by a body, it is said to be electrified, and he adds, in a foot-note, "not being iron or steel." Now, if iron or steel be electrified, they do exhibit these properties, and magnets do not; so that Mr. Gordon, in his desire to mark the difference between magnetism and the properties of electrified bodies, appears to say

* *A Physical Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism*. By J. E. H. Gordon, B.A. Cambridge, Assistant Secretary of the British Association. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880

that iron and steel when electrified behave in a different manner from other substances, and to imply that magnets exhibit properties which they do not really possess. The author, in describing M. Planté's experiments, has also fallen into the common error of translating *fil métallique* by "metallic thread," instead of wire.

Were this a book of only ordinary merit and average usefulness, these faults would be not worth remarking on; but, as it is one of great research and of almost priceless value to all who are interested in the scientific aspect of electricity, they force themselves on our notice. The author, indeed, has only his own merits to blame for any adverse criticisms which we have felt called upon to bestow on his work. There is only one greater service which he could render to busy scientific men, and that is to publish a fresh edition of the book every year, with all the year's work added to the original matter. The only objection to this plan being carried out (except the certainty of illness and early death for the author and ruin for the publisher) is that in a very few years the book would be somewhat larger than the *Post Office Directory*. It is evident from the arrangement of the work that Mr. Gordon has suffered in early years from the "unhandiness" (there is no other word to describe the quality) of the older scientific text-books, in which the authors seemed to take a malicious pleasure in strewing the paths of their readers with mechanical pitfalls, figures a page or two distant from the text which refers to them, plates at the end of the book, incorrect lettering of diagrams—and numerous other devices freely used by the older scientific writers to worry and fatigue the student. But in Mr. Gordon's work all is made smooth. The plates are in the body of the book, and can be referred to without needless turning over of leaves; and, above all, the *Errata* are printed on separate slips, and bound up with the pages to which they refer. The plates themselves deserve notice, as they are quite the best drawn and the clearest illustrations which have been published in any English physical text-book. Unfortunately our English draughtsmen are not very successful in this class of work, so that the highest praise we can bestow on these plates is that they contrast favourably with those in French scientific books. Although we should hesitate to recommend this work as an elementary text-book for students, on account of the small blemishes we have pointed out, which would be very embarrassing to those as yet unacquainted with the subject, yet we can unhesitatingly say that all advanced students, and all electricians, will find it of the greatest value, and that any one who possesses a copy of this work and the Catalogue of the Roland's Library will be, in physical language, in a "position of advantage" for all purposes of book-work research.

OLD FRENCH PLATE.*

MR. CRIPPS calls his work "a Handbook for the Collector." It is well understood that a "collector," in this sense of the word, is a person who prefers catalogues to all other kinds of literature; museum and gallery catalogues for serious study, and sale catalogues for light reading and the romantic food of day-dreams. To this class Mr. Cripps appeals in the thin volume before us. In his former book on Old English Plate the mission of the collector was not made so prominent. There was, as we pointed out at the time, a considerable amount of reading provided for the general public. In this, the supplementary volume, Mr. Cripps has stuck so closely to his text that even a thorough-paced catalogue-reader will pause at the beginning, deterred from proceeding by the *chevaux de frise* with which, in a preliminary chapter on the standards of gold and silver in France, Mr. Cripps has guarded his outworks. Nor does the book become much livelier as we go on. We make our way through many paragraphs which give us such important, but dry, information as this—that "in 1554 the standard was raised to 22 carats, with a remedy of a quarter of a carat or eight grains"; or this—that "from 1578, 22-carat gold, or, given in millèmes, gold of millesimal fineness '916-66, has been the English standard for plate, and from 12 Charles II. for coin also." No doubt these and other facts of the same kind are very valuable; and, if collecting is in the future to be elevated from a mere pursuit into a science, Mr. Cripps will be looked upon as a man who was in advance of his age. Meanwhile, however, it may be doubted whether many collectors will be able, without a yawn, to wade through the array of decimals and fractions, of carats and millèmes, here marshalled. To authors who have quantities of dry facts to lay before the public an occasional perusal of the *Loves of the Triangles* might be recommended as a lesson in the art of putting things. French standards, handled by a master, might possibly have been made interesting, and might certainly have been made readable; but the only thing we can quote from the first chapter is an extract from the inventory of the goods of King Charles V., by which it appears that "sterling" silver is not an exclusively English term; it describes "un hanap d'or, plain, à couvercle, de la façon d'un calice, et un fruitet d'une rose, pesant ij marcs vi onces v esterlins." Mr. Cripps might well have added a translation of this and other old French notes. Few of his quotations are so easy as this. It will require some knowledge, not only of ancient French, but also of technical terms of art, to make out the meaning of the fol-

lowing:—"Il est à Paris orfèvres qui veut et qui faire le set pour qu'il oeuvre ad us et costumes du mestier qui tex sunt." This is very old French, and, moreover, very bad old French, and it surely behoved the writer even of a scientific book to offer the ordinary "collector," if not the ordinary reader, some kind of clue to the explication of such phrases as "set," "ad us," and "qui tex sunt." Nor is it always quite easy to make out Mr. Cripps's own English. This example relates to the effects of the regulations of the goldsmiths' guild:—"Hampered, as they must have been all this time, by the stringent regulations of a sumptuary kind which were prompted by the necessities of Philippe le Bel, and are said by Lacroix not only to have diminished the size of the articles they were allowed to make," &c. If this means anything, it is that "the regulations of a sumptuary kind" were allowed to make articles in the precious metals; if this is not Mr. Cripps's meaning, he has changed his nominative somewhere, feeling possibly that it might be tired before it reached the end of so long a sentence. There are too many such sentences. In a work of such care and accuracy of detail it would surely have been worth while to spend a little time on literary embellishment.

As it is, Mr. Cripps has written, perhaps we should say compiled, a book on which the lazy crowd of literary pirates who never do original work for themselves will pounce with avidity. They will write out and full stop his English sentences. They will translate his old French. They will use all his facts, taking care to acknowledge a few here and there when a doubt may be thrown on their authenticity; and Mr. Cripps can only blame himself, though he may perhaps, if his benevolence is equal to his industry, derive some consolation from the thought that, without the dry bones of himself and other investigators like him, a certain number of his fellow literary men would not have wherewithal to make their bread. The tables of old Paris date letters and the facsimiles of the marks of the Farmers General are now first published, having been compiled by the author for his own use. The destruction of French records in revolutionary times, and that strange love of obliterating historical evidences which every now and then sweeps like a wind over the country, have made the materials from which these lists were gathered extremely rare. On the other hand, many of these old French works are very beautiful, and a worthy addition to the most exclusive collections. The oldest piece here noticed is a bowl or deep plate with a pattern of beaten work. It has the fleur-de-lis in a lozenge which is the mark of Paris, and was found with a coin of 1330, thus giving it an approximate date. It is now at South Kensington. The oldest piece described as bearing a date letter is a beaker or cup which belongs to Oriel College. It is diapered with chains of SS and the letter E crowned; and though it is called the Founder's Cup, it really must have been the property of Prince Edward, the unfortunate son of Henry VI. The date letter answers to 1462-3, and, as Mr. Cripps observes, the Queen, Margaret of Anjou, was in France in 1462 seeking the aid of the French King after Towton. From that date the letters are continuous, but do not differ in alphabets, like the English letters, being confined to capitals, crowned. From 1784 the letter P alone was used, the last two figures of the date being placed beside it. This new system only lasted till the Revolution. The maker's mark was probably in use long before it was prescribed by statute. It was perhaps in 1493 that the two small points or dots which are commonly observed in the maker's mark came into use. From 1672 the Farmers General marked plate, and their marks, which varied considerably from time to time, are of importance as fixing a date. As an example of what may be called "the Turkish system" of taxation which prevailed for the benefit of the French nobles, we may cite the existence of a special *poignon de décharge* for objects marked gratis. It was put on articles belonging to or made for such royal, official, and noble personages as were exempt.

The mediæval period seems to Mr. Cripps the most interesting, and he gives us many extracts from the early regulations of the craft. But a later ordinance, made in 1612, is the only one which might with advantage be imitated at the present day. It required "the goldsmith to sell the metal of their (*sic*) works separately," distinguishing, that is, in the bills what was to be paid for mere gold or silver, and what for the art of the workman. Such a rule, or one on such a principle, with the grammar corrected, might have a reviving effect on the dying art of the silversmith in England. A good many people advocate the abolition of marks, and would carry out various other reforms; but a regulation like this, which would, so to speak, individualize art and art workmanship, might, by establishing a value for good design and execution as well as for mere metal, raise up a spirit of competition among artificers and of criticism among buyers, both of which are at present sadly wanting. We have, it is probable, good artists in the precious metals, but we do not give them much encouragement at present; and, what is worse, our great silver trade is said to be leaving us. The troublesome restrictions we put upon workmanship, and the various ceremonies through which an artist who had produced a fine piece would have to go before he could sell it, have their influence upon the artist and the buyer alike.

A considerable space is devoted to an account of provincial marks. Most of the ordinances which applied to the goldsmiths of Paris applied also to those of the local manufactories in such places as Montpellier, Marseilles, Cambray, Toulouse, and Rouen, among others, some of which could trace the history of their craft to the thirteenth century. The King, in 1275, ordered goldsmiths everywhere to mark their work with the "seign" of the town in which they dwelt. This sign was generally the coat of

* *Old French Plate; with Tables of the Paris Date Letters, and Facsimiles of other Marks.* By Wilfrid Joseph Cripps, M.A., F.S.A. London: John Murray. 1880.

arms. But in some places the first two letters of the name of the town, or the first letters of each syllable of it, or the first and last letters were in use. Whether arms or letters were used, the date letter was commonly added after the fifteenth century. A great number of different alphabets were in use, and much confusion ensued; but in 1783 all letters were abolished, and a new and peculiar mark introduced, to which the date was added. This new mark unfortunately affords the collector little or no clue to the older one; and Mr. Cripps gives, in addition to a list of the marks used after 1783, another of the arms of the chief towns in which the manufacture of articles in gold and silver was carried on. The ordinances of 1783 were only in force from 1784 to 1789, and the marks are therefore of little importance. Some of them, however, are amusing in their quaintness, and form examples of a kind of "canting" heraldry, in which some local allusion is often made. Thus, Meaux very appropriately marked its plate with a cat. A rising star denoted L'Orient, and a castle Chatillon. A wing stood for Alais, and a wineglass for Beaune. Perhaps the bee of Abbeville was a pun on the word *abeille*; but the ancient coat of arms of the town contained no bees, unless the fleur-de-lis which decorated its upper portion had originally been bees, as some have imagined. The old arms of Alais, however, contained a wing, and those of Chatillon, a tower. But the arms of Meaux contained no cat, but a letter M. Letters are also found in many other French shields, as in that of Montargis, which showed an M between L and F, or that of Lons, which bore an N, and Riom, which bore an R. Nîmes goes beyond them all in this particular, for her shield is thus described:—"A palm tree on a terrace with a crocodile in fess chained, and the words Col. Nem." Even Sir Isaac Heard could hardly have exceeded this; though letters are not in themselves bad heraldry, and we remember the shield of a German abbey of some antiquity, which bore this cheerful coat—"a black cross between the letters M, O, R, and S." The meaning of some of the French marks is not very clear. It is intelligible, however, why Falaise should bear a lancet, and there is no doubt an equally reasonable explanation of the scalpel of Landrécy and the knife of Langres. The least dignified of all the marks is that of Narbonne, which should surely have borne a hive, but had a tobacco-pipe assigned to it; or that of Nevers, which had a wine-bottle. Mr. Cripps concludes with an account of the French marks adopted in 1797, of which he says that they are of comparatively little value to the amateur, and of none to the antiquary.

A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART.*

MR. RUSSELL has been troubled in his mind by certain critics—"critics," he says, "whose knowledge of the sea I have the best possible reasons for suspecting." This is not his first story of sea life. Some few years ago he wrote the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*. Now these ignorant critics, we learn, "determined that various incidents narrated in that book were impossible." They can now learn that these impossibilities were "all of them facts" (the italics are Mr. Russell's) "within the experience of twenty out of every hundred seafaring men." He is aware, he goes on to say, of his numerous shortcomings; but the more he is sensible of them, the more is he "anxious to emphasize the one virtue which"—we again quote his own words—"I honestly know my sea stories possess—I mean their truth." How a man can be said either honestly or dishonestly to know the quality of his own work we altogether fail to understand. But, as we shall presently show, Mr. Russell does not always attach any very strict meaning to words. He is a sailor, and, with a sailor's readiness, he takes, no doubt, the first word that comes to hand, and makes it serve his purpose as best it may. His new story, he assures us, is as trustworthy as his former one. In fact, "there is not an incident in *A Sailor's Sweetheart* that is not true." This may certainly be the case, and yet the story itself may be as grossly improbable as any that was ever written. In the claim that he makes for credibility he acts much as would a cook who should mix up in one dish a hundred ingredients, and then maintain that the whole mess must be wholesome, as there was nothing unwholesome in a single article that she had used. We do not deny that, highly improbable as appear to us many of the details of this story, yet for each some parallel instance might possibly be found. We maintain, however, that the book, taken as a whole, in spite of the author's assurance of his honest knowledge, is as monstrous in its improbability as any novel could be. Its absurdities in this respect might perhaps have escaped our notice had not Mr. Russell by his direct challenge called our attention to them. Credibility is the last quality that we look for in a story of the present day, and some other of his "numerous shortcomings" might have caught our attention even more strongly than the utter extravagance of his plot. But he asks that his story shall be judged by his truthfulness, and by its truthfulness our readers shall presently have a chance of judging it.

We could wish that not only Mr. Russell's facts, but also his words, were within the experience of twenty out of every hundred seafaring men—of four out of five we should prefer to say. He does, indeed, now and then give us a little of the "avast there" and "shiver my timbers" style of writing which was so dear to

us when we were young. Quite early, for instance, in the narrative, the hero, who had been wandering somewhat widely from his tale, exclaims, "Let me clap on a bit of extra canvas and claw off this shore, for I am afraid I'm too much of a sailor to feel happy in land togs." One of his sailors "belays eating," and the hero himself at his wedding-breakfast, overcome by his emotions, "belays his eloquence for a spell." Over the waistcoat of an elderly gentleman "lay the bight of a stout gold chain." This is certainly satisfactory so far as it goes, but there is far too little of it. No one, so far as we can find, hitches up his trousers, or makes a profane reference to his mate's lee scuppers. Davy Jones's locker is never so much as heard of. There is plenty of sea talk, but it is no longer of the good old kind. Perhaps the explanation may lie in the fact that the merchant service has followed the Royal Navy, and, like it, has gone to the devil. At all events, it seems uncommonly dull. We certainly did not understand all the sea lingo—to use the correct term—of Smollett and Marryat. Somehow or other, nevertheless, we enjoyed it, in spite of our ignorance. There was a rollicking heartiness about it which was very dear to us. But out of Mr. Russell's nautical terms we can get nothing. Let him not in some future preface class us among those critics whose knowledge of the sea he merely suspects. We have no wish to hide our ignorance, and we frankly own that there are a great many passages in his book which, for all we know, are utter nonsense. At all events, such experience as we have gained in crossing from Dover to Calais and from Folkestone to Boulogne throws no light upon them. We do not pretend for one moment to know what may, after all, be the very ABC of the sailor's art. No sense is conveyed to our minds by such terms as "we lay boxing the yards about to the catspaws," or "rousing everything taut with the jigger," or "the warp rang out as we tautened the bight of it," or "we boused the leech taut and hauled out the bowline." Once indeed—but only once—Mr. Russell condescends to give an explanation for the benefit of readers as ignorant as ourselves. In a foot-note he explains the term *ratching*. *Ratching*, it seems, is "reaching, or fore-reaching—that is, forging ahead when close-hauled." We are reminded how Johnson, perhaps on the only occasion on which he was on board, asked what was the use of a certain part of the ship, and received as answer that it was the place where the top-lollyman kept his top-lolly. Perhaps, however, we should scarcely be justified in complaining that the language of a story of sea life is often beyond our comprehension. There are many who can understand, if not all, at least most of Mr. Russell's terms. There are also many others who, by a long course of novel-reading, have utterly lost the habit of thinking that words ought to bear some meaning. For these two classes perhaps Mr. Russell may write. At all events we may justly complain of the strange mixture which he gives us of nautical terms and of what we can only call novelists' slang. His sailor's language we might have stood, but when it is jumbled up with all the silly writing that we look for in an ordinary story, the effect that is produced is as absurd as it is offensive. If we remember rightly, we drew attention to this failing in our review of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, but our criticism has been without any good result. Commodore Truncheon or Hatchway alone could supply that vigorous language which would fitly express the reader's sense of the absurdities into which this literary sailor falls. He is great at that vilest invention of these latter days—the art of word-painting. His sunsets and his sunrises and his moonlight nights are more wearisome and more monotonous than even the longest of sea-voyages or the dullest of land stories. He will never let the unfortunate sun alone, but keeps it always setting; unless, indeed, when he makes it rise. He opens his story with his hero on land. He describes at length a summer evening "when the sun has waxed (sic) low." The moon at the same time ought surely to have waned high. In page 20 the sun thus waxed, but in page 33 it was up again, and "the sunshine was broad and searching." In page 47 it was again ready for setting—this time over Gravesend. "It filled the air," we read, "with a purple haze, amid which every rope glanced with the glint of a spider's web." A sailor who has got to *glint* was not, we felt sure, far off *sheen*, and so presently we came to "the sheen of the brass compasses." From Gravesend the ship gets down beyond Herne Bay, and "into the devil's own weather for a running-down job." This little bit of nautical language was most refreshing to us. But a fog had come on, and through it "the riding-light merely glimmered like a glowworm, with threads of lustre sticking into the fog like spikes of gold." We pass through description after description with as much labour as a ship would pass through that part of the Atlantic which for miles and miles is covered with sea-weed. At last we arrive in the Tropics, and there the author brings upon his readers a deluge of words which surpasses, we are sure, the deluge of rain which he brings upon his ship. We have a horizontal swell that ran in outlines, the red light of the sun shattered into fragments of lurid crimson by the sea, the skirts of the clouds graduating from slate into a lurid gloom, the tops of a heavy swell lucent with the red western glare, pealing (sic) canvas, languid stars, a desperate flash of lightning, and the whole surface of the ocean glancing in the horrid glare like a spectral world issuing out of chaos. At last the author owns that it would be useless for him to attempt to express the character of the sky. Yet he goes on in the next line to say what it most resembled. In this description he gives us not only

* *A Sailor's Sweetheart*. By W. Clark Russell, Author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

a nebulous haze, and the tail of a comet, but a hue that was extremely ghastly, and a wall of spume and a long high reach of foam. How spume differs from foam we are not told. However, the lumps of foam presently winked like glow-worms. Perhaps this was more than spume could do.

We are leaving ourselves but the smallest space in which to set forth the plot. The briefer, however, that our analysis is, the more easily will the credibility, or incredibility, of the story be seen. The hero is the second mate of a ship bound to Peru. At the opening of the story he is engaged to Nelly Williams, the heroine. He takes a sad farewell of her; but, after they have set sail, finds that she has taken her passage in his ship. A storm comes on, and the man at the wheel is struck dead by lightning. He remains, however, in "an erect posture" till his fingers are loosened. The next day a boat is picked up, in which are found the captain and the mate of a ship who had been turned adrift by their own men. The ship, though it was out of sight, is pursued and caught. Soon after the hero's captain goes mad and hangs himself. Next, the wreck of a brig is seen. The hero and two sailors go to it in a boat. He climbs on board, and finds it almost full of water and abandoned. At that moment the boat gets adrift with the two men in it. One of them breaks his oar, and so they cannot regain the brig. A breeze rises, night comes on, and the unfortunate hero is carried out of sight both of the boat and his own ship. Some days afterwards he is awakened from a deep sleep by the heroine, the faithful boatswain, and a couple of sailors. Their ship had been wrecked, and all had been drowned but these four. Happily they had come across the brig when they were almost dead with hunger and thirst. The faithful boatswain of course dies, for faithful boatswains never live to see the end of the story. An island is discovered where no island had ever been known up to that time. The brig is run aground, and is put into some kind of repair. But a sudden breeze rises, and she is blown off the shore, while the two sailors are left on land. The hero and heroine have now to manage the vessel as best they may. But there was still one too many to satisfy the author, and so the hero tumbles overboard. Happily the heroine has presence of mind first to throw him a plank, and then to let the boat drop into the water. We could almost have wished that she had in doing this tumbled over herself, so that, for a brief space at least, all the crew and passengers might have, to all appearance, been got rid of. He gets back to the ship, and regains the island. In his absence one of the sailors had gone mad, and, failing in his attempt to murder the other, had jumped into the sea. His body could be seen lying at the bottom of the creek. "The water was so bright and clear that every detail of the corpse was as brilliantly defined as though we examined it under a concave glass." There is something not a little offensive in such a piece of writing as this. To our mind it is indeed more offensive than the grossness of Smollett, which the present age, rightly enough, so strongly condemns. But to return to the story. An English gunboat comes in sight, and the wonderful adventures are brought to an end. The ship is carried into Valparaiso, where the hero and heroine are married. Such are Mr. Russell's facts. We must leave it to our readers to decide how far he has made good his right "to emphasize the one virtue"—how, by the way, is a virtue emphasized?—which he honestly knows that his sea stories possess.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

TO-DAY we have no cause to complain of the want of splendour of the Christmas books. Rather we might give Messrs. Strahan a friendly rebuke for the *luxu effrené* of their most illustrious volume, *A Picturesque Tour in Picturesque Lands*. The cover is of white vellum, inlaid in mosaic with red and green. The top edge is gilt, and the leaves are of Dutch paper uncut. The very pretty vignettes are printed on China paper let into the text, and, as only three hundred copies are printed for the English market, the book is not only splendid but will soon be very scarce. The Picturesque Tour begins in France, and among the sketches is a capital one of Mont St. Michel. On the whole, however, the smaller vignettes, such as the initial letters and a drawing of a stable-yard, are more pleasing in style than the full-page illustrations. French artists contribute some of the designs; for example, the picturesque "Vision of the Commune." "Fishing in the Seine" is an amusing sketch, though not so humorous as Leech's drawing of the same sport. When Mr. Seguin, the author of the letterpress (very lively and interesting it is), complains that French boys "kick each other's shins," we are reminded that the same unmanly habit has crept into some large English schools. Boxing has almost gone out, and "hacking," an atrocious practice derived from football, has taken the place of the art of self-defence. The portrait of the young German mother (p. 96) is so like a man, and a very ugly man, that one is tempted to ask whether the *couvade* is still practised across the Rhine. However, the young Suabian girl praying at "the woodland shrine" makes amends, for she is prettier than the majority of Teutonic lasses. Switzerland, the Tyrol, Italy, and Scandinavia all receive their share of big woodcuts. Now we must end by warning Messrs. Strahan that, sumptuous as this book is, it is not the sort of book that an amateur can praise without reserve. The woodcuts, when all is said, are commonplace, and just what we get in thousands from the illustrated papers. The letterpress

is very good in its way, but it wants distinction. What publisher will bring out a Christmas book, not of huge dimensions, in which the letterpress is literature, while the designs are as delicate and permanently beautiful as those of Gravelot and Eisen? Our gift-books are too big; they sprawl over the table clumsily; they never would tempt the amateur with the charm of a cheap octavo or duodecimo of Jonaust's or Lemerre's. Our English classics might be reprinted, and that in form by no means expensive, with a simplicity and elegance which would make them gift-books always acceptable, and of permanent value. At present much care and money are expended on books which are no more works of art than penny valentines are, books which no man of taste would care to keep, and which are doomed to grow dingy on round drawing-room tables, amidst gorgeous mirrors, and in a wilderness of ormolu. The *Golden Treasury*, or Mr. Arnold's *Selected Poems*, are really more beautiful books in every sense, and more acceptable gifts, than the largest and most copiously illustrated records of summer tours. We venture to speak seriously on the subject, because the fashion of Christmas books is running in a wrong direction.

Here is a little book for children—Miss de Morgan's *Necklace of Prince Fiorimonde*, illustrated by Walter Crane (Macmillan and Co.)—which is not without its faults, but which is in a certain way a work of art. The delicate stamped cloth cover, with its grotesque designs, cannot possibly last; it must soon grow dingy, and then be worn to pieces, in the hands of children. So long as it is unusual to bind books in England, we must expect to have covers of very evanescent prettiness. Of the designs, we prefer the quaint frontispiece with children like those of Andrea della Robbia, supporting on their shoulders the beaded necklace of the Princess Fiorimonde. The little designs at the heads of chapters are also original and graceful. Among the larger sketches, we prefer that of the donkey and the pedlar. Some of the pictures are too "mimsey," if we may borrow a hard word from the "Song of the Slaying of the Jabberwock." Miss de Morgan's stories are perhaps the best modern *märchen* we have seen for some years. She has greatly improved as a storyteller, and the fate of the wicked Princess is as appropriate as that of Gruffanuf in the *Rose and the Ring*.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. send us Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*, a very handsome volume, illustrated with etchings by Mr. C. O. Murray, whose drawings on wood we have already had occasion to praise. The frontispiece represents the lovers but ill-accounted for fleeing forth into the storm. The owl, that "for all his feathers was acold," is a delightful drowsy creature, cowering among the ivy leaves. We do not care for the "holy man" (Stanza 2). He is too like the Hermit "symbolized by a picture of an old cove, none too well dressed, and rather down on his luck," if we may quote the immortal prophet of the Turf, Nicholas of ancient days. The pretty girl (Stanza 7), with the angel overhead, is terribly commonplace. The heroine, with her rich attire "rustling to her knees," is picturesque, but too like an Ophelia. The last etching of all is graceful; but the magic of Keats's poem has escaped Mr. Murray, and, indeed, we doubt whether any artist could render it with a point and some printer's ink.

Among the Christmas numbers the *Belgravia Annual* (Chatto and Windus) seems much the most diverting. Mr. Payn's story of the "Reduced Dinner-party" alone is enough to convert a cenobite to Pantagruelism, while persons naturally cheerful can scarcely hope to read it without serious injury to that part of the inner machinery which we use when we laugh. Every sentence provokes mirth; but the Colonel's walk in the fog, from the Duke of York's column to St. James's, is the most explosive passage. How, by the way, did the gallant colonel "smell the Devonshire Club" twenty years ago, the date of the legend? Mr. Lucy, Mr. Grenville Murray, and Mr. Dutton Cook contribute other papers, and Mr. Henley vies with a *poeta ignotus*, Mr. Libbel, in singing tuneless ballades.

The Green Room (Edited by Mr. Clement Scott. George Routledge and Sons) has every element of popularity. The public, which does not care for mere literary men, loves the writings of actors, who contribute freely to this annual. Mr. Irving's little tale, "The Neighbour's Bairn," is almost too sad. We doubt about the correctness of the negro dialect in Mr. Florence's "Tennessee Tom." Mr. Burnand's "Traveller's Tale" is very impressive. Mr. Byron contributes anecdotes of Charles Kean, and there are a number of other short amusing papers.

High Water Mark (Richard Dooling. Tinsley's Christmas Number) is a very wonderful story with some very wonderful pictures, which are almost as good as riddles, and, by a curious mischance, are never placed opposite the events they are meant to illustrate, but appear several pages afterwards. The tale has all the elements of a comedy. We have a lovely widow, a young man nearly frozen to death, an unjust will, accompanied with the whimsical condition that the heir was to be present in a certain room, at a certain hour, one year from that date. After spending the intervening time in idleness, though the young man believes himself not only penniless, but to be subsisting on charity, he gives a party in the appointed room, and at the mystic hour panels roll back, and an iron safe is disclosed, containing the property of the disinherited youth. The safe has been constructed on such peculiar principles that it is wound up daily by the action of the tide on every day except this one, on which alone it is possible to open it. The very confidential lawyer who on this occasion literally acts the *deus ex machina* then expounds the intentions of the testator, and so the tale ends. People's thirst for the marvellous

must be unusually keen at Christmas if they find amusement in such stories as this.

The very large class of people who are interested in African explorations will read with deep interest Mr. Geddie's *Lake Regions of Central Africa* (Nelson), containing accounts of the scenery and inhabitants of the upper part of the Nile, Congo, and Zambesi rivers. Though apparently not himself a traveller, Mr. Geddie has digested most carefully the works of those who have penetrated far into the interior, and has compiled a short and, as far as we can judge, a very accurate sketch of the investigations and their results. To this are added some maps, and a preface stating the earliest attempts at exploring. It is rather amusing to find Mr. Stanley seriously considered from the point of view of a missionary, and to read of King Mtesa being induced to adopt Christianity on his representations. Precept must be singularly severed from practice in the mind of the King of Uganda.

The new edition of the *Vicar of Wakefield* (Bickers) is only noticeable on account of the twelve photographs from modern pictures with which it is illustrated. Of these the most pleasing and unconventional are the Vicar taking leave of his eldest son, by Stothard, and the two sisters preparing Moses for the fair, by MacIise. In this, however, as in Newton's "Return of Olivia," poor little Dick and Bill fare very badly, having much more the air of babies just able to walk than of the sturdy young people they really were.

A Christmas Child (Mrs. Molesworth. With Illustrations by Walter Crane. Macmillan and Co.)—Mrs. Molesworth's books, charming as they often are, are sometimes very puzzling. One never quite knows for what particular age they are most suitable, and though they are generally about very little children, they would probably not be understood by them. *A Christmas Child* is, however, an exception to this rule. It is a pretty story about a tiny boy, and would only interest little people a very few years older. The illustrations are extremely graceful, and are a great addition to the book.

The matter in *Peter Parley's Annual* (George and Sons) is less varied than usual, but will not receive a colder welcome on account of the greater length of its stories. There is a tale of a runaway boy, an episode in Byron's boyish life, and a sketch from the Crusades, in which Richard I. is made to talk in the peculiar style that our mediæval ancestors are supposed to affect. In reality he probably swore a good deal. The pictures, both coloured and otherwise, could well have been omitted.

Between her inexhaustible invention and her endless travels, material never runs short in Lady Barker's stories. *The White Rat* (Macmillan and Co.) and *Jemmy the Monkey* came from very different parts of the world, but, like most of their fellow-creatures, they each had a history, while, as for Kaspar, the bear, his virtues and courage are worthy of all imitation.

The History of Good Dog Fanny; and other Stories (Mrs. Gaskell. Nelson and Sons).—Mrs. Gaskell's name is of itself sufficient guarantee that these tales will be simple and interesting and suited to the children for whom they are written. We think that the adventures of the monkeys will prove the favourite.

Family Fortunes (Edward Garrett. Nelson and Sons) is what it purports to be—a domestic story of the Scotch middle classes. It gives a tolerably fair idea of the life they lead, and of the privations that Scotch parents will undergo in order to obtain a good education for their children. The book is, however, unnecessarily drawn out.

Tuscan Fairy Tales; taken down from the mouths of the People (With Sixteen Illustrations by J. Stanley, engraved by Edmund Evans. Satchell).—The amount of "local colouring" in these stories is just sufficient to lend the old tales a new charm. The "Little Convent of Cats" is merely the story of the good girl who did her work and was rewarded for it, and her ill-conditioned sister who wants the reward without performing the work. "The Woman of Paste" is the history of a remarkably sagacious Prince who refused to have a wife that could not laugh; and the "Three Cauliflowers" is a Tuscan version of "Blue Beard," in which Fatima gets the better of the monster. Here and there Italian rhymes are scattered, which, once read, take pleasant hold on the mind. The illustrations and the letterpress are printed in sepia, which has a curious, but not unpleasant, effect.

Shakespeare's Stories Simply Told (Mary Seamer. Nelson).—It seems a pity to take any roundabout ways of introducing Shakespeare to children, particularly as children who could understand and appreciate these stories would be quite capable of reading the original. Miss Seamer says in her preface that "care has been taken to omit any expression which might be deemed unsuited to young readers;" but it may be doubted whether children who begin at an early age to read Shakespeare ever get the slightest harm from any of the plays, as they merely pass over what they do not understand, and are quite content to leave it alone. Still, granted that a prose rendering is preferable, Miss Seamer has done her work very well. The illustrations, which are in outline, vary considerably in merit, but for the most part are tolerably good.

Warne's Illustrated International Annual (Edited by Joseph Hatton. Warne and Co.)—The best story in this Annual is "Waldemar's Violin," by Lady Lindsay. It is full of pretty pictures, and the mysticism, if one may call it so, is not overdone. "Along the Sea Walk," by Barnet Phillips, is a rather unreal American sketch with no particular merit. The rest of the tales are of a more sensational character.

Under Slieve Baw (R. E. Francillon. Grant and Co.'s Christmas Number for 1880) is a well-told tale of Ireland in '98. This is a complicated Enoch Ardenish sort of story, and contains many sensational incidents, but unlike *Enoch Arden* every one is ultimately made happy.

The Leisure Hour (56 Paternoster Row) has a more brilliant exterior than usual; but its long story, "Nine-Tenths of the Law," is hardly up to the usual mark. Some readers may prefer Miss Beale's "Idonea," which has its scene laid among the rivers and castles of Northumberland.

As might be expected from its name, the *Sunday at Home* (Religious Tract Society) contains more distinctively religious matter which will take the conscientious reader many months to get through. The stories are of the usual sort, quite harmless and sufficiently entertaining.

The Fortune-telling Birthday Book (C. A. M. Burdett. Routledge and Sons).—The prophecies here only differ from those in other birthday books from being less known. Of course the more definite they are, the less likely they are to hit the mark.

Christian Herald Annual, 1881.—These stories are lively and pleasant reading, and have the happy endings suitable for Christmas stories.

With true German taste, the *Birthday Book of German Literature* (J. W. L. Nelson) is printed in light blue, and has a red and gold cover. Surely the world has had enough birthday books.

The Following of the Flowers (Marcus Ward and Co.) is sufficiently pretty to make us regret the coarse colouring of the illustrations. The letterpress tells of different famous gardens, and then goes on to speak in detail of the flowers themselves. Woven in with this are songs gathered from various poets in praise of the flowers.

The Fisherman's Boy (Nelson) is an old-fashioned tale of the kind known as "Sunday books," with the phraseology peculiar to works of this class.

We have left ourselves scant space this week for notices of Christmas Cards, but must say a word in praise of those published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. Here we have "folding menus" in the style of ancient Hellas, of India, and of the United Kingdom, rose, thistle, and the prickly shamrock being all represented. Happy thought for a poem by Miss Parnell—"Touch not the shamrock, lest it may sting thee!" A combination of menu and "name-card" is particularly ingenious. Floral almanacs, floral Christmas cards, designs representing the happy inmates of well-regulated aquaria, all appeal to the genial tastes and frolic fancy of the delightful and long-desired season of Yule.

We should have mentioned in our last notice of Christmas Books that the *Boy's Own Annual* is published at the office of the *Leisure Hour*.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. WEDMORE has chosen to prefix what his peculiar taste leads him to call a "prologue" to a second series of *Studies in English Art* (1); and in this prologue there is much matter of the utmost importance to the world at large. What can be more interesting and desirable than to learn that, if Mr. Wedmore had dedicated his book to anybody, which he has not done, he would have dedicated it to a friend who "joins to a particularly sensitive and learned appreciation of art the wisdom of never having written anything about it"? Whether Mr. Wedmore shares this mysterious friend's appreciation or not is perhaps an open question; but it is surely a pity that he does not share his wisdom. But it is not so much to exhibit his friend's wisdom as in order to come, by a somewhat tortuous way, to an explanation of his own that Mr. Wedmore brings in the subject. He pictures this friend asking him "awkward questions." "Why, for instance, he may say, do I include this chapter on Romney, in which I have placed first in my volume so sterile a bit of work?" The ridiculously affected answer to this purely imaginary question need hardly be quoted; but it may be worth while to point out that, for reasons which will be plain to people well up in contemporary art literature, the chapter on Romney is certainly not the worst in the book. "Again," says Mr. Wedmore, convinced apparently that his book will give rise to discussion, "it may be objected that, in a volume of *Studies in English Art*, there is included a study of Méryon, a wild but engaging personality, known to some chiefly as a French bastard, who was the etcher of Paris." Whether it is probable or not that any one will be at the trouble of making objections of the kind which Mr. Wedmore has foreseen, it is tolerably certain that a good many people will "object" to art matters being handled by a writer capable of so execrable a piece of bad taste as is contained in the lines just quoted. It seemed as if in the "study" of Méryon's works which we had the disagreeable task of reviewing in these columns some time ago, and which is here reprinted, the author had gone as far as he well could in the direction of the mingled bluntness of perception and affectation of manner which recall memories of "Janus Weathercock;" but it must be admitted that in the sentence about Méryon in his "prologue" he has outdone all former efforts. Then, to paraphrase a sentence of the author's own, "then, Mr. Wedmore's style."

(1) *Studies in English Art*. Second Series. By Frederick Wedmore. London: Bentley & Son.

Here are two specimens of it taken from the "study" of Cruikshank:—"As Time went on apace, neither the passage of Time itself, nor the hard work which crowded the days of his maturity in art, nor the comparative neglect of the later years, when Cruikshank, no longer quite in the movement of the day, was solaced by visits in the Hampstead Road, chiefly of a very few who were collectors of his work, or of some stray humourist still faithful and confident in the achievements of so many years ago—as Time went on, Cruikshank wore well and slowly, so that it was truly said of him that he looked as if he had once been very old and then had forgotten it." Here, amongst other choice beauties, there is, it will be observed, not even one halfpenny-worth of verb to an intolerable deal of nominative. Another sentence not less remarkable, in another way, is this description of Cruikshank's illustration, in *Oliver Twist*, of Sykes on the house-roof:—"An ugly corner of one forgets what obscure quarter, the squalid house, the chimney with rope tied round it by the escaping and hunted man now staggering on the broken-tiled roof, the evil and worn face, the energy of action—that is the main subject." Mr. Wedmore should surely have italicized "one forgets" to show that he meant the word to stand not for the generality of people, but for "the immense critic." What, again, does Mr. Wedmore think he or any one else gains by his beginning a paragraph as he begins the very next one, in a style which reminds one of nothing but Pumblechook's hurling arithmetical questions in a jerky way at Pip, "And Miss Eske?" If Mr. Wedmore's affectations and pedantries and pieces of bad taste were a trifle less glaring and repellent than they are, one might hope for his shaking them off; since sometimes, and especially in his chapter on Mr. Burne Jones, what he has to say is in the main true and sensible enough. But even wiser thoughts than his would be ruined by so horrible a fashion of utterance, and there is an air of elaborateness and satisfaction about Mr. Wedmore's worst pieces of literary composition which leaves no room for believing that he will cease to admire his own method.

Mr. Gunn has prepared a new, revised, and enlarged edition of Mr. Timbs's *Abbeys and Castles of England and Wales* (2). The work is handsomely and carefully got up, and is well suited for a gift-book.

Mr. Eden's volume about Africa (3) is skillfully compiled and arranged from the narratives of "a few travellers," concerning the principal divisions of the continent, and has been produced with the hope of awakening interest in the subject, and inducing the reader to consult larger works. This it is pretty certain to do. The general account of the country with which the book opens is clearly and attractively written, and Mr. Eden has taken in his subsequent chapters exactly the points which are best suited for his purpose.

There is much matter of interest and importance to be found in Mr. Kinsey's Report, with its appendix, of the Proceedings of the International Congress on the Education of the Deaf (4). He himself, like the other contributors to the volume, is strongly in favour of the "German" system, and we confess that we cannot see what arguments there are to be brought forward on the other side. A brief extract from a contribution by Mrs. Hall, the principal of a private school for the deaf, may give some general notion of the points at issue, which we cannot within our present limits notice, as it might be interesting to do, in detail:—

The belief that the voice of the deaf must be harsh and unnatural is one of the greatest obstacles we have to overcome in arguing for the "German" system. In England many people have known or heard of deaf persons educated under the method introduced by Wallis and Braidwood, whose voices are most harsh and disagreeable, and erroneously supposing this to be the same as the "German" system, they blame the "German" for a failure which is, in truth, the natural result of a degenerated "Combined" system into which signs and finger-talking have been introduced. As I originally taught them, my pupils were examples of this. Those who heard them speak condemned their voices as harsh and unnatural. Taught now by the "German" system, the same people say they are not unpleasant and are easy to be understood. This I attribute to the constant use of the voice, together with my own increased skill and watchfulness in teaching.

As to the question of signs and finger-talking alone being used, there are some remarks later on on the importance to the general health of exercise being afforded to the lungs, and this seems indeed a sufficiently obvious consideration. Apart from this a person who, although stone deaf is not dumb, is of course in a better position than a deaf mute. The book is one which should be examined by all who have any interest in a question which is of high importance.

The second volume of Mr. Miles's *Pugilistica* (5) affords no less curious and entertaining reading than did the first. No one could

be better fitted than Mr. Miles for the task which he has undertaken, and his pictures of the strange doings of the times when "The Ring" was in its glory are very vivid. He writes, not unnaturally, with a strong bias in favour of an exploded practice, and his remarks on the conduct of magistrates who did or did not interfere to prevent prize-fights are amusing; but, when he has to record occasions on which, as at the famous fight which is to be described in his last volume, the ring was broken, and a scene of turbulent disorder took place, he extenuates nothing, but writes of what occurred with severe indignation. There are many instances of the extreme good-nature and even affection displayed to each other by rival pugilists before and after their contests; and in this respect the practice of "The Ring" contrasted advantageously with that which prevails in the only surviving form of prize-fight, the German students' *schläger-duel*, on which Mr. Miles made some inaccurate but not altogether unjust comments in his former volume. For the member of one corps to have any social relations with the member of another with whom he may be told off any day by his captain to fight would be a startling breach of etiquette. Of the lives included in Mr. Miles's present volume, those of Tom Spring and of Langan are perhaps the most interesting, and both men seem to have been peculiarly distinguished by chivalry towards their antagonists.

The present issue of the *Cambridge University General Almanack and Register* (6) is remarkable for one passage the full absurdity of which can only be realized by University men. Early in the book comes a long list of "Officers of the University," beginning with the Chancellor and ending with the Distributors of Crane's Charity. Then there is a head-line "University Officers," surmounting this extraordinarily heterogeneous catalogue:—

Organist. G. M. Garrett. Mus.D. St. John's. Clerk. Henry Smith. Marshals. Henry Boning and J. Sheldrick. Curator of the Botanic Garden. R. Irwin Lynch. Curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum. Prof. S. Colvin, M.A., Trinity.

A new and revised edition has appeared of Messrs. Warne's *Model Cookery-Book* (7), with many illustrations in colours, prepared by Messrs. Kronheim "from the objects themselves."

We remember a work by the author of *Party-giving* (8) which was called *Society Small-Talk*, and in the course of which the writer gave us some entirely new, original, and hopelessly blundering views as to the proper pronunciation of the French language in singing. With this remembrance we are not surprised to hear in the present work of such dishes as *Langues de Bœuf-décorée* and *Dinde farce aux truffes*. Nor is it strange to come upon this passage, "An æsthetic lady had decorated her dinner-table with a profusion of beautiful flowers, and had arranged the *menu* on the like ethereal principles. Her husband's satirical comment on the florid feast was 'une autrefois (*sic*) mon ami (*sic*), moins de fleurs et plus de nourriture.'" We regret to find that the author speaks with approbation of adhering to the conventional arrangement of *entrées* and *relevés* at an English dinner; but this too is not surprising. It is only fair to add that the book is full of carefully compiled statistics as to the probable cost of various kinds of entertainments, and that the author gives perfectly sound advice on the question of champagne at balls, &c.

A Nest of Sparrows (9) is a succession of scenes, partly imagined, but chiefly drawn from life, among poor children in a large city. The tone of the book is thoroughly good, but not goody; the children are like real children; and the squalid scenes amidst which they pass much of their lives are, it is to be feared, very like real scenes. Some of the incidents are singularly touching; and the writing, which is quite free from affectation, is relieved by pleasant bits of child humour.

The translation by Mrs. or Miss Corey of Daudet's *Lettres de mon Moulin* (10) is, on the whole, spirited and commendable; but the translator fails at times, as most translators will fail, in giving any equivalent for French idiom. Here is an instance of such a failure. "The sea, the wind, they had not their natural voices; at every instant it seemed as though some one were calling me from the staircase; with that a fever and a thirst. . . . I put my comrade on his bed, and a sheet over him; *the end of a prayer*" (the italics are ours), "and quick to the alarm-signal."

Miss Buckley's *Life and her Children* (11) is another of the many books which she has made on the subject of natural history. Its title, we learn from the preface, "is intended to express the family bond uniting all living things." To treat of this in a small volume of some three hundred pages, is what may be termed, in common parlance, "a large order." The work may, no doubt, be of use in awakening an interest in young minds as to the subjects with which it deals; and probably that is all that was really intended, although the expression in the preface of some such intention is somewhat marred by the statement that the author has

(2) *Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales; their Legendary Lore and Popular History*. By John Timbs. Re-edited, revised, and enlarged by Alexander Gunn. With Illustrations. 3 vols. North, South, and Midland. London: Warne & Co.

(3) *Africa seen through its Explorers*. By Charles H. Eden, F.R.G.S. London: S. P. C. K. New York: Potts, Young, & Co.

(4) *Report of the Proceedings of the International Congress on the Education of the Deaf*. Held at Milan, September 6-11, 1880. Taken from the English Official Minutes read by A. A. Kinsey, Secretary of the English-speaking Section of the Congress, and Principal of the Training College for Teaching of the Deaf on the "German" system at Ealing. With an Appendix. London: Allen & Co.

(5) *Pugilistica; being One Hundred and Forty-four Years of the History of British Boxing*. By Henry Downes Miles. 3 vols. Vol. 2. London: Weldon & Co.

(6) *The Cambridge University General Almanack and Register for the year 1881*. Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co.

(7) *Warne's Model Cookery*. Compiled and edited by Mary Jewry. Fiftieth Edition. London: Warne & Co.

(8) *Party-giving on every scale*. By the Author of "Manners and Tone of Good Society," &c. London: Warne & Co.

(9) *A Nest of Sparrows*. By M. E. Winchester. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

(10) *Lettres from my Mill*. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Mary Corey. London: Trübner & Co.

(11) *Life and her Children: Glimpses of Animal Life from the Anabta to the Insects*. By Arabella B. Buckley, Author of "Fairyland of Science," &c. London: Stanford.

hoped to employ "a more systematic way than is usual in ordinary works on Natural History."

Dr. Fothergill's little work on *Food for the Invalid* (12), which is humorously dedicated "To the shade of Edward Gibbon the historian, whose gastronomic proclivities have preserved for us the feasts of Ancient Rome," is not the less a useful book, the receipts given in which may be consulted with advantage, even by people who do not answer to the mystic letters I. C. D. G., which appended to them signify Invalid, Convalescent, Dyspepsia, and Gouty.

"Among the uth'er erli report'ers woz Wiliam Wudward, ov the *Morning Kronikel*, who eust to komit a debate to memori, and made sekretli a memorandum ov important passajez. When the 'Hous' roze, he went home, and rote out the hole of the spechez, trusting a litel to hiz memoranda, but chiefti tu hiz memori." The foregoing quotation from *The Literary Ladder* (13) is a specimen of the way in which the whole work is composed, chosen not quite at random, for we have avoided the necessity of quoting any words in which Mr. Reade's or Mr. Pitman's new letters appear. The fact of new letters being employed at all is in itself strong enough evidence against the "Fonetic" system, which may be useful enough for shorthand, but can only, from the specimens hitherto before us, make the learning of spelling from longhand even more difficult than it now is.

Mrs. Gray's volume consists of a series of brightly written sketches (14) of lives of remarkable women, some of which have already appeared in a shorter form in *Good Words* and in *The Sunday Magazine*. The subjects are well chosen and well treated.

The Bishop of Carlisle, as he tells us in his Preface to the new edition of Smith's *Voyage of St. Paul* (15), asked for a copy of the work last year, and was told by his bookseller that it was out of print. He pointed out to the publishers that this was a pity, and they replied by undertaking to produce the present edition, if the Bishop would write a preface to it. The preface, after giving this explanation, points out the qualities which rendered Mr. Smith peculiarly fit to write such a work, and dwells upon the fact that the book is one which should be not merely read, but studied. The Bishop relates how he once complained to the late Dr. Whewell that he had been looking in vain for a copy in the University Library, to which Whewell replied, "Serves you right; every one ought to buy that book." The present edition itself is a corrected reprint of the last published by the author, with certain alterations and additions by the editor.

A second edition has appeared of Mr. Leslie Stephen's well-known work on *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (16).

(12) *Food for the Invalid*. By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

(13) *The Literary Ladder*. By A. Arthur Reade. London: F. Pitman. Bath: Isaac Pitman, Phonetic Institute.

(14) *Wise Words and Loving Deeds*. A Book of Biographies for Girls. By E. Conder Gray. London: Marshall, Japp, & Co.

(15) *The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul*. By James Smith, Esq., of Jordan Hill. Fourth Edition. Revised and corrected by Walter E. Smith. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, and a Memoir of the Author. London: Longmans & Co.

(16) *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*. By Leslie Stephen. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THE IRON TRADE.—We find from our correspondence that there has been some misapprehension of a reference, in our last week's article on this subject, to a circular issued by Messrs. Swan and Brothers. In the comparison between the week before last and the corresponding week of last year, the reference intended was not to the outturn in a single week, which would have had no bearing on our argument, but to the stock then actually in the public stores.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Bachelor of Arts	First B.A., Monday, July 15. Second B.A., Monday, October 24.
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Doctor of Literature	First D.Lit., Monday, June 6. Second D.Lit., Tuesday, December 6.
Scriptural Examinations	Tuesday, November 22.
Bachelor of Science	First B.Sc., Monday, July 15. Second B.Sc., Monday, October 17.
Doctor of Science	Within the first Twenty-one days of June.
Bachelor of Laws	First LL.B., Monday, January 3. Second LL.B., Monday, January 3.
Doctor of Laws	Thursday, January 15.
Bachelor of Medicine	Preliminary Scientific, Monday, July 15. First M.B., Monday, July 25. Second M.B., Monday, November 7.
Bachelor of Surgery	Tuesday, November 22.
Master in Surgery	Monday, November 22.
Doctor of Medicine	Monday, November 22.
Subjects relating to Public Health	Monday, December 12.
Bachelor of Music	First B.Mus., Monday, December 12. Second B.Mus., Monday, December 19.
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The Regulations relating to the above Examinations and Degrees may be obtained on application to "The Registrar of the University of London, Burlington Gardens, London, W."

December 4, 1879.

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